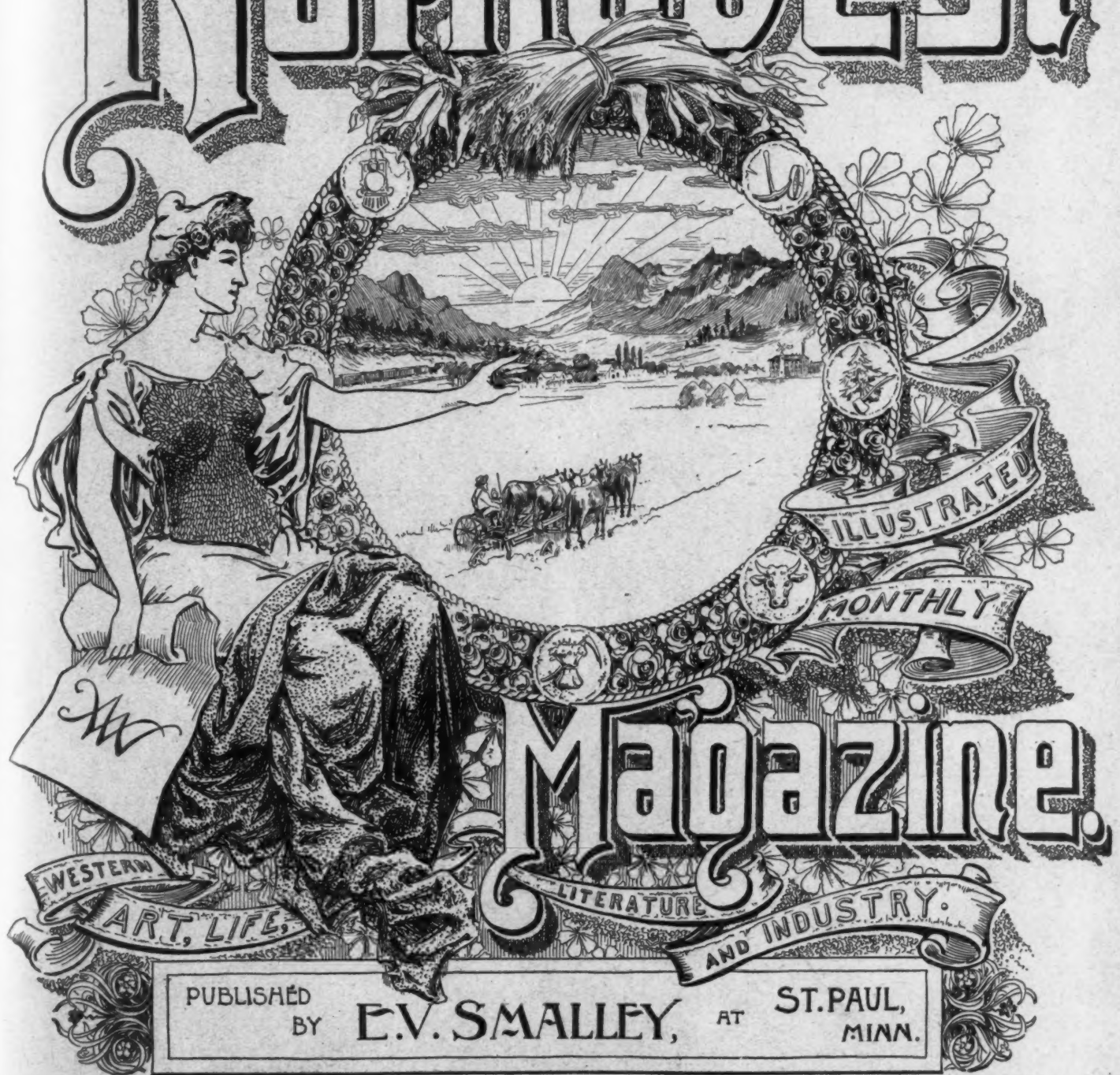


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The Northwest



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In this issue: {
Grand Forks' Street Fair.
Dairying in Minnesota.
Unto the Mountains.
A Prospector's Trip.

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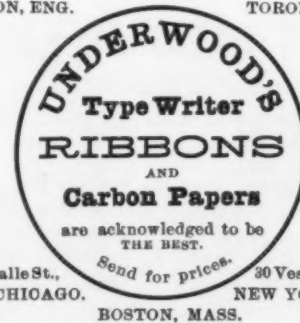
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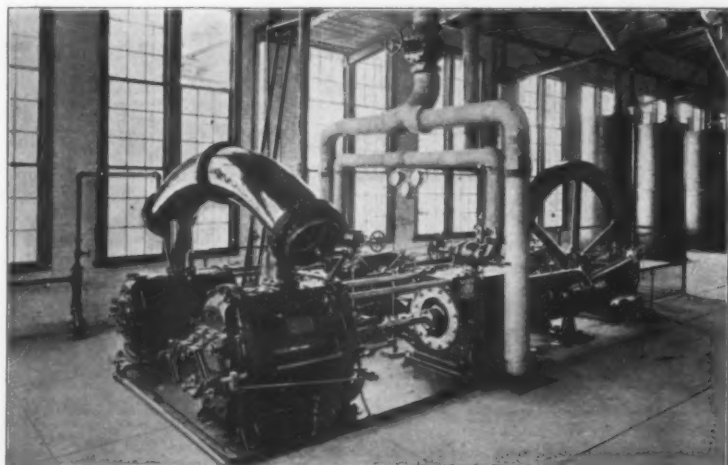
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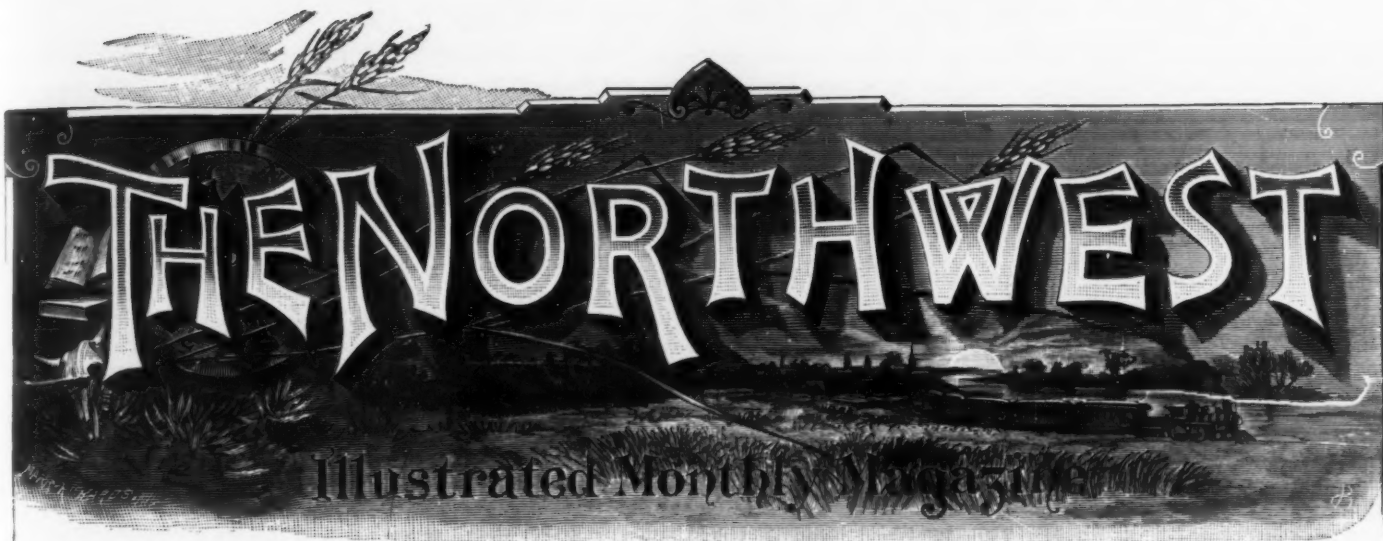
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ST. PAUL, NOVEMBER, 1896.

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GRAND FORKS' STREET FAIR.

BY J. C. HILDEBRAND.

A gayer scene than that which Grand Forks presented during the second week in October was probably never witnessed in North Dakota. It was the great autumnal holiday-week of the Red River Valley, and no portion of that vast extent of productive country was without representatives. They came from away south, at the source of the Red, and they came from beyond the Canadian boundary, where queenly Winnipeg holds undisputed sway. Others came from the wilderness counties of Northern Minnesota, from the Red Lake region, and there were some from the Twin Cities. The Missouri Valley contributed hundreds, and the Turtle Mountain Country of Northern North Dakota sent its full quota. Hardly a town, village or settlement within seventy-five miles failed to send some of its citizens to help Grand Forks celebrate her Second Annual Street Fair. And well they knew there would be no disappointment. The fame of last year's fair, held a month earlier, had spread throughout the land; for Grand Forks had thrown her whole soul into that enterprise, in a characteristic way, and showed the people what she could do in that line. But there was nowhere near the attendance at the first effort that made such a stupendous success of last month's event.

To provide entertainment for the multitude,—estimated at over 15,000 people on the second day,

when the weather was perfect,—there were three programmes prepared, one for each day, that supplied every reasonable demand for amusement. The events scheduled comprised athletics of every description that could be indulged in on dry land. A parade on the second day was the main feature, and this brought out floats of the principal mercantile and manufacturing concerns that would have been creditable to a city ten times the size of Grand Forks. Some of them were marvels of ingenuity, and but a few lacked originality. A wholesale grocery firm imported sufficient bamboo to build a structure for its display of teas. Another had a brick-yard in operation, with a chimney under construction on one end of the wagon. A local foundry had drills and forges

running, and a wholesale dry-goods house was represented by a yacht under full sail. Particularly interesting were the four floats of the woolen-mill, of which Grand Forks boasts the only one in the Dakotas. One wagon contained machinery, another North Dakota wool, another manufactured goods, and the fourth held the sixty-odd employees of the company.

The local Knights of Pythias, with their band and splendid float, made a conspicuous feature, as did also the various labor unions, and the cadets from the University of North Dakota, which is situated here. The State militia was represented by Company F, under Captain W. A. Gordon, and their soldierly bearing called forth applause all along the line of march. They wore service uniforms, and the



GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA.—SCENES ON THIRD ST.
DURING SECOND ANNUAL STREET FAIR.
2. CHIPPEWA INDIAN WAR DANCE.

impression made upon the spectators was in marked contrast with that usually produced by militiamen in dress uniform, which gives to those wearing it the appearance of a row of ketchup bottles in half-mourning. Of the four bands in line, three were from neighboring towns—Minto, Park River, and Thompson. Each of these organizations was attired in handsome uniforms, and their music was of an order rarely heard outside the large cities. It was something of a surprise to strangers from a distance to learn that these bands, playing perfectly the latest marches and dressed fully as well as the musicians of the big cities in the East, were from towns the most populous of which could scarcely claim over 1,500 inhabitants! Another star attraction was a band of Chippewas from the Red Lake Reservation in Minnesota. These gentlemen came in all the glory of their original Sunday-best, as to apparel, and with an evident desire to "do their d—dest," as one visitor expressed it, in the way of pow-wows, ghost dances and war-hops. Their war-paint and feathers certainly added "color" to the festivities, but their music could not be described as of the inspiring kind. Perhaps it had a different sound in '63. The writer wasn't here then.

Strung along the main business portion of the city's principal thoroughfare, Third Street, were booths of all sizes, shapes and colors, making a kaleidoscopic view that was for a moment bewildering. In them was about everything that Dakota soil and brains and machinery could produce. Delicate needlework vied with astonishing cabbages, and toothsome cookies flirted with the stallions across the way. Pigs and poultry grunted and cackled and dogs and foxes rattled their chains in the general hubbub. A world's-fair hotel full of cats, kittens, Thomases and Marias, was the attraction in front of a clothing house, and if there were any varieties not represented, they have not yet published complaints. One naturally fell into a consideration of the proposition, Why should North Dakota not be equally successful in the diversity of her other crops? But there were more things to see, and other things to learn. Wheat, in open sacks, stood ready for inspection in front of one big booth devoted chiefly to an exhibit of bread and flour. This has been a decidedly unfavorable year for wheat-raising, but the samples on parade there were the same old "No. 1 Hard" that has made the Red River Valley famous the world over. And those loaves of bread! They were a delight to the eye; and they were none the less attractive because the presiding genius happened to be a comely matron, of pleasant manner, who looked cheerful while owners of dirty fingers tested the soundness of loaves and the hollowness of theories.

The third day of the fair was the time set for the traveling men to turn themselves loose; and they did it in all-wool, Mardi-Gras fashion. Grand Forks is notable as a traveling men's headquarters while on the road—a central point for the movements of a battalion of these commercial skirmishers. The excellent, adequate hotel accommodations are largely responsible for this, but another reason is that they are made to feel at home. When the Saturday trains bring in a few dozen of them for a "Sunday-over," every one has a comfortable sense of the hospitable sentiment that seems to smile upon him from the hotel register, to greet him from the store windows, and to be reflected from the face of every citizen he meets. No wonder they come here, and less wonder that a general effort was made to get in for the parade Friday. When their grand aggregation of comic opera, nightmare and hippodrome finally moved, the sight drove the chill from thousands

of marrows along the street, and the Red River Valley wore a grin that the shivering weather couldn't pucker. The U. C. T. blooms the year 'round, regardless of the weather.

The two miles of streets, in and beyond the business district, that have been recently paved with cedar blocks, were a notably-pleasant feature of the fair this year. Fully as many pedestrians used the middle of Third Street in sight-seeing as were on the broad sidewalks. Exhibitors who were present last year appreciated the improvement most heartily on account of the general cleanliness. The paving was commenced in August and completed last month, at a cost of about \$90,000. Next spring, when the rains begin to fall, the business people of Grand Forks will have no fear of the black, sticky mud that made life miserable for a time in the early part of this year. For the Valley mud is a terror, and no mistake, when it gets in good working condition.

Grand Forks' Street Fair is now an estab-

lished institution. There is little room for doubt that next year's attractions in the way of prizes and exhibits and decorations and programmes will surpass those of last month, as the latter did those of a year ago. The city has been advertised in a way that cannot fail of good results. People like to and will go where there are inducements outside of mere stocks of goods, elevators and banks.

GOLDEN CROPS IN TRUTH.—In preparing a tame duck for dinner, recently, a Lead City (Black Hills) woman found a nugget of gold in the craw that, when weighed, yielded just \$3.50. It is safe to assume that the craws of all ducks and chickens will hereafter be pretty thoroughly "prospected" by the good housewives of Lead. It was but recently, by the way, that a chicken's craw panned out quite a quantity of the yellow metal in this same locality. Not every country can produce ducks and chickens that have miniature gold mines in their crops.



THE SAME OLD SONG.

Cricket, cricket, the days have come in the seed-time of the year,

And the air is filled with a droning hum, and the harvest moon hangs low;

The world has a seedy, reedy tone, and, cricket, isn't it queer?—

You're singing the same old chirping song that you sang in the long ago!

Out in the field the tasseled corn is rustling a harvest call,

The big, good-natured pumpkins there, I can almost see them smile;

And the prodigal vines that wandered out, hang over the old stone-wall.

Where the clematis, gay as a summer bride, is flaunting her flowers the while.

And, cricket, the staid New England hills with the tints of autumn glow.

The hounds are baying a long, deep call that echoes the mountains thro'

The fields are brown, and the nuts are ripe, and the orchard boughs hang low
With the fruit that was wooed by the summer, and kissed by the summer's dew.

The caves of the woods their secrets hold of the chattering squirrel's fare;

Where the peppermint grows and the willows dip, the brook's gay laughter rings;

The gray goose calls to its feathered band as it circles high in air.

And nature's melody bursts from harps that are strung with a thousand strings.

Cricket, cricket, the very air is a symphony of song.

The locusts cry and the clans of birds are hurrying to and fro;

The golden-rod nods and the thistledown blows, and we will join the throng.

And, cricket, we'll sing the same old song that we sang in the long ago.

FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

Written for *The Northwest Magazine*.

A PROSPECTOR'S TRIP.

By L. A. Osborne.

When spring comes, every prospector is aglow with the fervor of a new enterprise—some dreamy scheme, wrapped in the dim vista of the mountains, that is to bring the realization of his highest hopes. No matter what the failures or hardships of the past, they are forgotten or but dimly remembered, and he is eager for new adventures. The prospector more nearly resembles the old-time 'soldier of fortune' than any type extant. Simply exchange the arms and accouterments of the one for the pick, shovel and pan of the other, and you have them pat. The restless search for wealth and fame is common to both,—and, I am sorry to say, in most cases result in obtaining neither.

Everything was aglow and abloom when our small party left Lewiston, Idaho, for an indefinite trip. The party was composed of men picked up at random, and each was independent of his fellows. Some had one horse, some had two; some had delicacies to eat, and others bare necessities—a bad combination! It held together about three weeks, and then scattered to the four winds. Prospectors get divorced as often—if not oftener—as those who follow other walks in life.

It was early in May, and seventy-five miles away to the south and east the mountains were still impassable for prospecting. To put in time, a course was laid for the Salmon River, near where it joins the Snake. The way thither, at that season, was rugged and wet; it rained, and sometimes the paths, or no paths, were deep with snow. To some of the uninured it was very trying. But there is a healing touch in the breath of the mountain air, and few become sick through an exposure which, in other lands, would be fatal.

And now we were in the wild breaks of the Salmon, where spring and summer are almost eternal. Here horse and man soon recovered from fatigue. The first went to work at once on the fresh grass, and the last on the low-lying, gold-bearing bars which lie along this river. The rocker is used by the average prospector,—and by the average prospector is meant the man of very moderate means, to whom a grub-stake means considerable. To them the Salmon is a fairy godmother—a never-failing nurse of kindness, who brings to them at least a subsistence in the struggle for something greater than she has to offer; and she renews herself partially every year, from some unknown source far back in the mountains. The prospector who is given to dreams has his own pet theory of how and where that golden source may lie.

The party met with only small success here. Tales had been told of \$2.50 a day while waiting to get back in the mountains to something better; but each man averaged but fifty to seventy-five cents a day—sometimes a dollar, rocking. Along the Salmon there are many

mines that bring in big returns from the higher bars, which are worked on a large scale by water brought from some distant creek by flumes, or by huge wheels impelled by the current, which lift the water to the required height for sluicing. The first named, which get away with more dirt, are generally owned by companies and are quite expensive to start and work. Still, they have made big returns, and are still making them, along this river. The wheel system runs things on a smaller scale, but makes very fair returns for labor, time and expense. But, as I have said, it is to the "busted" prospector that the Salmon is a new and a better Nile. Ten months of good weather in a year prevails there, and to a man that can attack the mountains on \$5 a month, \$1 a day, or even less, means a great deal, and his returns are sure. The Salmon is not a large river. At low water one can throw a stone across; yet it



PACK TRAIN LEAVING ELK CITY, IDAHO, FOR THE QUARTZ DISTRICT.

rages along in May or June, and part of July.

I left the party, near the big bend of the Salmon, and returned down-river to the little mining-post of Freedom, from which, with an old pioneer friend, I was the second to cross over the mountains into the old camp of Florence. Florence has turned out its millions and millions of placer gold, and was discovered, as everybody knows, away back in the early sixties. When one journeys there for the first time, he wonders how the early prospectors ever found it. I am filled with unbounded admiration for the men who forced their way into what seemed the inaccessible—far, far from any base of supplies, and in face of it all accomplished such wonderful upheavals that one stands by and simply marvels how it was done. What manner of men were they? Yet many such men live today. But they got paid for what they did then; a thousand dollars a day was no uncommon wage. An old man told me in Florence that he and his partner used to fill a baking-powder can full of dust in a day, and what was over that went for amusement. Poor

old man! He doubtless thought it would last forever, and I am afraid that he must have dipped into the can a little.

When you get up on the highest divide, east from the Salmon, you look fifteen miles across to the other divide. Below you, deep down,—I don't know how deep,—lies a chaos of timbered hills, ridges, streams, and little meadows—the best place in all the world to get lost in for a few hours. Florence, the town, lies on a little upland, clear of timber, near the place of the richest find. Everything round about it has been overturned to a great depth; the earth seems torn up by the roots in a systematic way. Everything, from the old drifted gulches to the huge, time-worn log buildings that stand in a dismal row, seems the relic of some past age, when there were giants in the land. But the old place has taken a new "hustle" unto itself. It was reasoned that all that gold must have come from somewhere! And now they have found ledges of quartz scattered all over that basin—decomposed quartz bearing free-milling gold, if that is the right expression, which the old-timers paid no attention to. They are liable, at almost any time, to drop down into something compared to which the most celebrated mine at Cripple Creek would be a blotch on the face of a beauty. As it is, there are several mines there paying their own expenses, as they go along, from the rich seam which follows their larger vein. Water has caused, and will probably cause still further, trouble; but tunneling in many cases obviates this. The

man who can't afford a pump, runs a tunnel. By so doing he can test his mine in that camp sufficiently to estimate its paying qualities.

A bad practice in Florence, which has been followed in many camps in these later years, is the pernicious habit of allowing a man all the claims he can cut stakes for. There is something wrong with the law, on that point, and it ought to be corrected. A man—until he has proved up a claim by doing the necessary assessment work—should not be allowed to take a second claim; then he would be forced to rely somewhat on his judgment, and the next man, who probably has a better intention, would be given a show. I know dozens and dozens of well-intentioned men who left that one camp because everything was gobbled up. One of them wrote facetiously above a notice:

"I claim everything from the top of this tree."

"Oh, well," they say, "these men will allow the claims to lapse, and then somebody else will have a show." But it is not so; for the man who goes away disappointed, seldom returns. Florence is a great camp, but it should correct these abuses. There is a good wagon-road into Florence via Mt. Idaho, forty miles toward Lewiston. We came out that way, and, not having gone about enough yet, started for the country beyond Elk City, 100 miles to the East. There is a first-class wagon-road to Elk City, and the distance from Mt. Idaho, the county seat of Idaho County, is fifty-six miles. The road was finished last year. Here, as in Florence, one wonders how the first white men ever found their way into this densely-timbered country, almost impassable for horses when you get away from the roads or trails. Elk City is much the same looking place as Florence. From neither place can one judge of the activities flourishing in the vicinity, a great many persons living in their tents or cabins near their work. Quartz here, as in Florence, is the furor

of the time, and, though in an article like this I can specify no particular mine, yet I may say that there are dozens that have gone past the experimental stage, as to their gold value, and which need only a little money to turn them into dividend producers. The people in here need capital; they have the mines, but they want the appliances. I know of no better field for a man who understands mining. And there is still untold wealth in placers here. There are great meadows, with no economical dump;

persevering prospectors are toiling on, waiting for the "day" to come.

We left all trails about thirty miles beyond Elk, and struck out for a lake where there was great fishing. We were lost on the way two days, and it took us a day to get down to the lake when we found it. But when we got down to its beautiful waters, one-fourth by three-fourths of a mile in extent, we were well repaid for all our trouble. Mountain trout were in such abundance that we grew ashamed of catch-

seasons, and the places to visit in this part of the country. To catch on to a good placer-ground to work in the back country, it would be well to wait until along in the middle of June, find out what you want, and then make your way in over the snow, nip or tuck, and take advantage of the snow-water the next season. If you go into that country in July or thereabouts, take along something in the way of covering to protect your horses from the big and very numerous horse-flies; it will pay you, and advance you up the humanitarian scale.



"HUGE WHEELS, IMPELLED BY THE CURRENT, WHICH LIFT THE WATER TO THE REQUIRED HEIGHT FOR SLUICING."

meadows surcharged with water, which ordinary means cannot work. There were millions on the hillsides above; there are more millions underneath the meadows below these hills. The fact is acknowledged, yet no one has taken steps to put in enough money for a sure thing. A few makeshifts have been attempted, but makeshifts do not count.

The ore veins in here are large in body, but will need smelters and concentrators. When you get down a ways the ore is base, but rich. Near the surface you can usually pound up a piece in a mortar and get a large number of

ing them in the lake, and so went below to a narrow, rushing brook, where it was more difficult on account of obstructions. It is a delightful place—after you get there; but it is mighty hard work getting in and out.

The season in that section is very short. Snow will sometimes fall in September, but, generally, the weather is good until along in October. There are frosts, though, in August, and sometimes there is a skim of ice in the morning. If you are going to take a trip of that kind, you could go to either of the chief mining places in a buckboard and not be both-



STATE BRIDGE OVER THE SALMON RIVER BETWEEN WARREN AND FLORENCE, IDAHO.

good gold colors. I am talking very commonly, but I think I can convey a better impression of my meaning than if I were to use technical terms—which I could readily do, of course, by turning to some works on mining engineering. The trails beyond Elk City are quite bad, and a little ways further there are no trails at all. A road has been surveyed from Elk to Dixy, thirty miles beyond, which will take one into the heart of that mining country, where some

ered from the start with a pack outfit, as I was. You could get in about as early, too,—and earliness, when you depend on water to work placers, means a great deal. If you have nothing particular ahead of you, my advice would be to wait until the roads are all opened, so that you can go where you wish without inconvenience. You can get horses cheaper then, too. I suffered a good deal of hardship unnecessarily from not knowing the roads, the

A LIVING INDIAN MUMMY.

Some time since the *New York World* published a sensational story of an old Indian chief on the shores of Salmon Bay, near Ballard, Washington, who was supposed to be somewhere in the vicinity of 100 years old. Lately the country newspapers about the State are republishing the weird tale in their patent out-sides, and the article is adorned with a cut representing an object resembling an animated Egyptian mummy. It is now said that there is some truth in the story and that it was written at Ballard by a young man who aspires to literary honors and who is not unknown to Seattle. The story in brief, as now being published by the country newspapers on the Sound, reads as follows:

"Qwo-Ka-Num is in all probability the oldest living man. He is certainly 150 years old, and it may be that two centuries have passed since his birth. He is chief of the Skiquamish, a tribe of Flathead Indians, who paddle their canoes about the waters and tributaries of Puget Sound.

"A correspondent found this ancient chief, with his tribe, encamped on the sandy shore of Salmon Bay, an inlet of Puget Sound. One very old squaw was being fed some fish soup by another almost as helpless.

"She is the fifteenth wife of Qwo-Ka-Num," said the guide. Her ancient husband had evidently outlived the love of the varieties of life, for nothing in his surroundings betokened his rank. He was lying doubled up, like a jack-knife, in a heap of hot sand. A fold of a blanket was thrown over him, and a torn and dirty shirt partly covered his body. That was all—surely a strange garb for so celebrated a chief!

"He presented an awful picture of age. His face was turned upward directly at the sun. The sun gave him life, but no sight. He was blind. A shaggy mane of iron-gray hair covered his head. The balls of his eyes had sunken in the sockets. His body seemed shrunk to bones, over which was stretched a skin. The feet and hands looked like knot-growths, such as are seen on old oaks. His hands and feet were veritable claws. He did not move. Once in a while a slight inspiration, but no visible trace of expiration. He seemed to be a thing of constant sleep.

"For twenty years his people have fed him on soft clams and other sea food, in the form of soup. But though he was sightless, almost incapable of movement, he could hear and speak. He said he saw the first big ship. Fifty years ago he was too old to go to the council of the Tshialis, but his gray-haired grandson went. He was a chief before the natives possessed iron to point their arrows with. That was more than 125 years ago. So Qwo-Ka-Num is at least 150 years old."

AN OLD BUILDING.—The Whatcom, Wash., *Reveille* claims that the old brick court-house in that town is not only the first brick building built in the Territory of Washington, but the first built north of San Francisco.

UNTO THE MOUNTAINS.

By Mae Van Norman

An unrelenting wind blew down the canyon, tossed the already turbulent waters of the Yellowstone, and swept over the town. It was a warm wind, such as in winter would be termed a chinook. But it was not winter. It was warm, languorous July, and the wind, which to inhabitants of the little city of Livingston was as unnoticed as the high altitude they breathed, was the cause of several useless remonstrances on the part of the average tourist.

'Lizbeth Wainwright was not an average tourist, but she did not forbear to remonstrate when Old Boreas ruthlessly penetrated to the innermost precinct of the vine-hung piazza at Fair View House and drove even the hardiest of the summer guests indoors. She turned a disgusted face toward the man who was smoking his cigar in abstracted silence in the rocker opposite her own, as the last bit of femininity disappeared inside the creaking screen door.

"I sha'n't go in!" she said. "What! With such a moon as that—with Old Baldy silhouetted against that tender sky? If it blows a simoon, I shall stay!"

The man finished his cigar, waited awhile—with the quizzical gleam in his fine eyes deepening as he looked at her, and then spoke:

"Not tired of it all yet, 'Lizbeth? And you have been here—how long did you say?—two weeks? You need not dissemble with me, you know."

"I have never dissembled with you," the girl replied.

She parted the vines and looked out into the night. She looked across to the grim, red walls of the house opposite, which was known as the Bungalow, and which this man beside her called home; looked beyond to the silent foothills guarding the snow-capped mountains, and the momentary trouble in her face, called forth by the other's tones, gave way to a different look.

"I would never grow tired," she said. "Two weeks or two years, it makes no difference to me."

"And yet you do tire of most things," the man affirmed, still watching her rapt face.

The wind moaned down the canyon, and the river seemed to be singing a requiem to dead hopes.

"Listen!" the girl said. "Don't you love that weird sound on the river at night, when the wind blows? It makes me feel as though witches might be abroad."

"No," the man said, continuing his train of thought; "you never dissembled with me, 'Lizbeth, it is true; when you tired of me, six years ago, you told me so plainly enough."

"It is so long ago," the girl said, gently. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

"You have never loved any one else, 'Lizbeth?"

"No," she answered, quite frankly; "oh, no!"

When she turned, at last, to go in, John Pembroke leaned forward and took her hand:

"'Lizbeth," he said, "you are a strange little woman. My dear, is it possible that there will never be any love in your heart for me again? In all these years of separation, has regret for the past never once touched you? Little one, I

tell you the love of a man is no light thing, that a child like you should take it, hold it carelessly, and then throw it away!"

"I never held it carelessly," the girl replied, not looking at him. "It was sacred to me. The memory of it is sacred still. But it could not survive the treatment it received."

"Mine has survived all things, 'Lizbeth. When you asked me, six years ago, to release you, I did not understand. I think I do, now. You fancied our natures were not in accord. You thought I could not analyze that fine, sensitive, subtle spirit of yours which was forever craving the sublime and the artistic. I hurt your love with my petty jealousies and tyrannies. I made our love a 'vague regret' indeed. But, 'Lizbeth, though the outcome of my love for you may have been perpetual strife, and misery and discord, can't you believe that the love itself was true and impregnable? It has withstood every attack, little one,—the test of years, of coldness, distrust, and separation. It has grown with every day. You see, 'Lizbeth, my feeling for you has survived much ill treatment."

"Ah! That is like you men!" the girl said, slowly, but with a faint touch of vehemence. "You sue for our love, and then, feeling confident in the possession of it, you torture us and neglect us. You resent every thought we have that is not in common with you. You make of us a toy—we are puppets, to dance to your words. And then if, finally, one of us grows tired and cries out, 'Let us have done! My life has grown narrow, lived for you alone. It is all disquiet, and I long for peace. Your love hampers me and hems me in. I have no freedom. If I smile too frequently, you cavi; if I am silent, I bore you; if I am sad, I distress you. You are jealous of my very thoughts; you would kill my ambition. My life is not the thing I planned it to be ere you came into it. I am not happy; set me free!'—If we cry out thus, what reply do you make? Why, simply,—'My love could survive all things.' And why? Because you have another life apart—the interest in life which makes existence possible, and which you deny us. Our ambitions may seem paltry, shadowy things—things for a strong man like you to make light of; but to us they are very real, very necessary."

Her vehemence waned as she proceeded, and there was only an infinite pathos in her tones as she ended. But the pathos did not appeal to the man beside her.

"Well," he said, grimly, "you have murdered your ambition. You can paint pictures that even the critics of Paris would not carp at. Are you happy now?"

"I am content," the girl replied, stolidly.

He studied her face for a moment. There was a mutinous line about the pretty lips, and a tiny wrinkle between the gray eyes, but the eyes themselves were brave and beautiful, thoughtful and questioning, and something in their depth was infinitely sad.

"I see," he ventured. "You are like Diogenes encumbered with his tub. But, whatever comes, 'Lizbeth—"

"Whatever comes," she said, simply, "I have done with love."

She shivered a little as she bade him good night and went up to her room. From her window she saw him striding away across the road to the Bungalow, and there was that in the defiant, reckless carriage of the tall figure, which smote on her heart coldly.

'Lizbeth Wainwright had been domiciled at Fair View House a fortnight, resting after a long sketching tour through the Yellowstone Park, which she had taken in company with a friend of hers—Mrs. Sloane, a charming little widow whom she had met the previous summer at Tacoma. Mrs. Sloane's husband had been an army officer, and she knew every inch of the West from Montana to the Coast, it seemed to 'Lizbeth. 'Lizbeth found that she knew John Pembroke—that is, the John Pembroke of the present—a good deal better than she knew him.

It was Mrs. Sloane who had introduced them on the piazza of Fair View House a week since, and when 'Lizbeth had exclaimed and grown faintly pink, and Pembroke had straightened himself up and given an extremely ceremonious greeting, the astute widow guessed pretty accurately the state of affairs.

'Lizbeth's meeting with Pembroke had been a surprise to her, but not an unpleasant one. She was quite ready to accept him as an escort in her various explorations about the country. Tonight, for the first time since their chance meeting, she experienced a thrill of consciousness in his presence, a something out of the past that rose up and seemed to link her to him with bonds stronger than those forged between friends of a few days' standing.

He had changed almost beyond recognition in these six years. He had traveled extensively, had gained poise, and had the bearing of a man well-established and well-known. He had become identified with the West. He owned large mining interests in Montana, and much of his time was spent at the Bungalow in Livingston, which he delighted to call his home, and which he occupied with his agent and a couple of Chinese servants.

The Bungalow was so called as a reminder of India, where Pembroke had spent two very eventful years. It was a long, low, red brick building with tiny, jail-like windows and sloping roof. But the capacious piazzas, lined with palms and hung with awnings and decked out with lounging-chairs, taborettes, and dull bits of Indian rugs, were rife with suggestions of Oriental life which no sybaritic sense could resist.

"It is my home," Pembroke said to 'Lizbeth, one day. "I shall probably end my days here."

They were in the garden—'Lizbeth, Mrs. Sloane, and Pembroke; and Ling Chung was serving them his fragrant tea in tiny, fragile cups, under the shadow of an impromptu awning. 'Lizbeth looked with an appreciative eye upon the scene—the dark-skinned Celestial, in the white garb of his country, moving deferentially about; Pembroke, in his duck suit and wide sombrero hat; the brilliant-hued poppies on the lawn; and the house, which was a spot of red against the green of the foothills beyond—all appealed to her ideality. She could see, away over to the northeast, the Crazy Mountains faintly defined, looking intangible and mirage-like in the distance, their soft gray seeming to blend into the ether above; and looking southward she could see Old Baldy, and the snowy peaks which surround it. She could even catch a glimpse of the Yellowstone River, flowing rampantly down the canyon, where the spur line of the Northern Pacific winds away to Cinnabar, and to the wonderland beyond.



"Pembroke's horse slipped and threw him."

"One could not find a better spot to live in or to die in," she said, abstractedly.

"Oh, come!" Mrs. Sloane interrupted. "Don't let us talk of dying. Chung, the cream-jug, for the love of heaven! Your tea is strong enough to bear up an iron wedge!"

"You are not educated up to it," Pembroke declared. "Like the altitude here, there is everything in becoming accustomed to it."

"Ladee spoilee tea. Milkee no goodee," Ling Chung asseverated, moving stolidly toward the house.

"Nevertheless, this is a woman who knows her own mind," Mrs. Sloane replied, truthfully enough.

"I am afraid you think it is a parallel case to that of the Dutchman and his horse," Pembroke exclaimed, smiling. "Just when he reached that point in the horse's education where he could sustain life without food, the ungrateful brute died."

"I dislike that almond-eyed Celestial," Mrs. Sloane complained. "He is forever watching me from behind your chair, Mr. Pembroke."

"Oh, Chung's all right!" Pembroke explained. "Like all Orientals, he is extremely susceptible, Mrs. Sloane."

"There is a period in the life of each of us when we suffer from that affliction," the widow answered, demurely.

"Do you remember that character in Longfellow's 'Hyperion,' who said, 'At a certain hour of a certain day in my life, I was a fool,' 'Lizbeth asked, somewhat irrelevantly.

Mrs. Sloane looked at her reproachfully, Pembroke curiously, and then all three laughed.

"Lizbeth is nothing if not apropos in her remarks," the former said, as Ling Chung returned with the cream-jug, thus ending the conversation.

Later, Mrs. Sloane and 'Lizbeth walked across

to their hotel in time for the seven o'clock dinner. Mrs. Sloane was incorrigible.

"Lizbeth," she began, "at what period in your lives did you and Mr. Pembroke wear the cap and bells, and why do you delight in making him look as grim as Old Baldy yonder? Come, 'Lizbeth, 'fess up! Is it possible that he was your youthful Adonis?—and can it be that he originally hailed from New York State, and could not sound his r's?"

"I think," 'Lizbeth replied, with the wrinkle between her eyes which her friend had grown to understand, "I think, Molly, that I hear the dinner-bell sounding, and my hair is in a disreputable state. If we once get fairly started on the engrossing topic of Mr. Pembroke and his r's, we shall be late, to a certainty."

They never did get fairly started on that topic, Mrs. Sloane found, as the days wore on. 'Lizbeth was almost constantly in the saddle, and Pembroke was always her attendant on these rides; but 'Lizbeth ignored his existence with a calmness that was astounding, whenever Mrs. Sloane sought her out for a tete-a-tete talk of an evening previous to retiring. She dilated on the beauties of nature; she was making a sketch from Carter's bridge in the canyon, looking up the Yellowstone. The water was an indescribable hue of green, and the mountains had a dazzling transparency that was baffling to an artist. Emigrant Peak simply filled the heart with despair—there was no transferring those opalescent tints to canvas. And so she went on and on, until Mrs. Sloane waxed wroth and had a fit of the sulks which lasted a week, during which time 'Lizbeth and Pembroke, thus thrown altogether on their own resources, regained a share of the old-time feeling of six years ago. Pembroke began to assume the masterful, protecting way which women, particularly independent women, find

so alluring when once they yield to its spell; and 'Lizbeth, in her turn, let herself drift into an easy comradeship with him, without once pausing to think whither it would land her. She was aroused to a feeling of disquiet at last, however. It was on the day that Mrs. Sloane emerged from the mantle of gloom in which she had enwrapped herself. Pembroke and 'Lizbeth, on the preceding day, had planned a ride to Cokedale, and when Mrs. Sloane appeared, radiant with good-humor and eager to participate in the day's amusement, each felt a guilty throb of dissatisfaction as they urged her to accompany them.

The feeling was subtle, unexpressed, yet dormant in both hearts, and each realized that the other understood. There was that peculiar sympathy between them which is, in some instances, the beginning of love. In the pauses of his repartee, which Mrs. Sloane's sparkling humor called forth, Pembroke's eyes spoke to 'Lizbeth across the head of the sleek bay horse her friend rode. 'Lizbeth talked very little. She was disapproving of every word Mrs. Sloane uttered. She resented Pembroke's attitude of interest, even though she knew it to be assumed; and when he bent forward at last, as the trail narrowed, and laid a caressing hand on the nose of the horse Mrs. Sloane rode, she urged her own steed forward and, passing them, rode at a gallop up the steep incline leading to grimy Cokedale, and only drew rein when she heard the footfalls of Pembroke's horse close behind her.

"Mrs. Sloane had an errand at one of the miner's cottages, and has dismounted," he said. "Are you tired? Shall we ride over to the hotel, such as it is, and let the horses drink?"

'Lizbeth assented, and in a few moments they were walking down the dusty road, and 'Lizbeth was looking askance at the long row of furnaces, grimy, blackened, and disused.

"Some says the mines would start up today agin," a man said, to whom they appealed for information; "but I don't see nothin' of it."

"I would like to see those furnaces at night, all aglow," 'Lizbeth exclaimed as they left the main streets and found a clean stretch of road winding away between the hills. "I would feel quite like Little Nell,—wasn't it Little Nell?—who slept among the ashes."

"You're thinking of Cinderella," Pembroke returned, banteringly.

"Dear me! I would not know what it would be like to feel like Cinderella; I never had a fairy godmother. No, my sympathies are all with Little Nell."

"Spare me a little of that commodity," Pembroke appealed.

"Sympathy? For what, pray?" 'Lizbeth tried to keep the consciousness out of her voice.

"Don't you know? I wish you would look at me, 'Lizbeth. Now tell me, did you really enjoy your ride to Cokedale?"

"Very much. I hate this wind, when the dust is so bad, and I woke up in an ill humor; so I dare say, on the whole, I was somewhat distraught."

The road, winding away among the foothills, hid them from the village. Pembroke put out one hand and caught 'Lizbeth's firmly:

"I thought you were truthful," he remarked, tersely, barring her way. "I can read you pretty well, 'Lizbeth, can't I? Do you know what I saw in your face during that interminable ride? or may I not tell you—all that I saw?"

He smiled when he met the appealing glance in her soft eyes.

"Why are you so afraid?" he asked. "I would be less than man if I did not press every chance. I am in deadly earnest. I have cared so long! You looked at me once this morning as you looked long ago when my eyes met yours."

I don't know what it meant—if it meant anything; but hope will spring into life with very little provocation, you know. I do not ask for certainty; but if only I might have hope, my dear one! I felt hopeful during that ride. Was I wrong to feel so, 'Lizbeth?"

She was very close to him, so close that the hair, blown out beneath her riding-cap, swept across his face as he stopped. He put up his hand, and she raised her face. They did not know how it happened, but in another moment his hand had drawn her head to his own, and he was kissing her passionately as she sobbed and clung to him.

She was very gay on the homeward ride—feverishly so, Mrs. Sloane thought; but Pembroke watched her with eyes the tenderness of which was wonderful. At the door of the Fair View House he lifted her down, and the touch of his hand on her arm brought the hot blood to her cheeks. There was no opportunity for words.

"Thank you, dear!" was all Pembroke had time to whisper, as he said good-day.

'Lizbeth's gaiety died a sudden death with the conclusion of luncheon, and she kept her room until evening. Pembroke came for her before dinner at Fair View House was half over, and together they climbed the foothill, overlooking the Bungalow, and sat there in the gloaming watching the shadows deepen around Old Baldy, and the snow-capped mountain peaks.

Pembroke could not hide his joy. "Little woman," he said, fondly, looking down at her, "you will be your husband's first, last, and only love. How I have loved you, dear, you will never understand."

The girl listened and said little, and Pembroke was vaguely troubled at the strange, wistful expression on the small face.

The days wore on. Another week passed. Mrs. Sloane and 'Lizbeth had accepted an invitation to spend a week on the ranch of a friend near Big Timber, and had set Wednesday as the day of their departure. Pembroke saw them off. His face was like marble, and when he said good-bye, Mrs. Sloane remarked the set expression about his eyes. Once in the coach, 'Lizbeth turned her face to the window and did not speak for many minutes, not until Mrs. Sloane leaned over and looked into her eyes.

"It's a shame, 'Lizbeth—a burning shame! Is it all over between you and Pembroke?"

"I cannot help it, Mollie. Be kind to me, if you can. I tried to do as he would have me, but last night I knew it could never be. He understands me; he does not blame me," 'Lizbeth said, huskily.

"Oh, the pity of it!" Mrs. Sloane thought, as she watched her.

She could not be harsh with the girl—she looked so childlike and forlorn, despite her twenty-six years. Her small, dark face was pale, and the great eyes were somber with thought; while her beautiful lips had settled into a line of pain.

'Lizbeth carried herself much as usual, however, her friend found during the days that ensued. They had been invited to "Paradise Ranch" to join a house-party, and Mrs. Sloane had very little leisure time to think of 'Lizbeth's love affair. Indeed, she gradually began to lose interest in all that pertained to Livingston, being completely absorbed in ranch life and a keen flirtation with an officer from Fort Keogh. The hunting season had begun, and the men, and those of the women who cared for it, were having glorious sport. Mrs. Sloane was an enthusiastic sportswoman, but 'Lizbeth never joined the hunting-parties. This en-

tailed some quiet hours upon her, hours which she spent in sketching and driving, until, at last, she grew to count upon and long for them.

One day, after a tramp over the country with her sketch-book in her hand, she returned to the ranch to find the long sitting-room deserted, a cosy fire on the hearth,—for the evenings were chilly,—and the tea-table drawn up to the blaze awaiting the return of the hunting-party.

She sat in a chair before the fire, and fell into a reverie. Some way, for the past few days she had felt nervous and irritable—out of harmony with herself. She could not analyze the feeling. She stopped short of self-analysis. As she sat there she heard the outer door open and steps and voices in the hall, Mollie's voice predominant.

"You say he was making the ascent? How very sad!"

'Lizbeth could catch the sound of a sob in the speaker's voice.

"Isn't it? Yes; he and that harum-scarum agent of his were making the ascent of Old Baldy. Pembroke's horse slipped and threw him. They say he is crushed dreadfully, his left limb entirely—"

A white face confronted Mrs. Sloane at the sitting-room door. 'Lizbeth, wild-eyed, trembling and distraught, clung to her, but spoke not one word. The horror in her face unnerved the other.

"'Lizbeth!" she cried; "oh, 'Lizbeth! can we not go to him, dear? Shall we go?"

And then 'Lizbeth found her voice.

"Of course we shall go! Oh, Mollie! Mollie! how can I live without him!"

"Yes," Mrs. Sloane said a month later, speaking to the young officer from Keogh; "'Lizbeth has found her soul, at last. I cannot say that it was her fault that it came too late, and I do not say but that this sore affliction was needed to bring the latent womanliness in her character to the surface; but I do say that it is very, very sad."

"And she loved him all the time, then!" the other rejoined, with a sigh. "Poor Pembroke!"

Mrs. Sloane bowed her head.

"He was very happy at the last," she said. He died with her hand in his, and—who knows? perhaps it is better so. 'Lizbeth was not created like most of us—to love and to be loved, and to find in our home a kingdom. She would always crave the unattainable. Perhaps, after all, it is not 'Poor Pembroke.' With his great nature, that one last hour of happiness fully atoned for a lifetime of longing and regret. No; it is not 'Poor Pembroke.'"

AN ANCIENT VEHICLE.

In his little shop on Sprague Avenue, Captain Chittenden, a collector of Indian curios, has a curious and interesting relic of ancient locomotion, in the shape of a cracked and weather-beaten two-wheeled ox-cart. The cart, he says, was found in possession of a Pueblo Indian in Mexico, who said it had been in possession of his family nearly 200 years. It is made entirely of wood. The wheels are hewn from solid wood, either cottonwood or sycamore, and about three and a half feet in diameter, with hubs two feet long. The frame consists of a dozen or more pieces mortised together in the form of a rude rack, and hung on a clumsy wooden axle. The tongue runs through the whole length of the frame. Another curious relic is the yoke, which was used without bows and lashed to the horns of the oxen with leather thongs. The whole presents a decidedly ancient appearance, and the wonder is that it held together so long as it did, even in a dry climate like Mexico's.

THE DESERTED CAMP.

Here, close beside the mountain stream,
The rude, deserted cabins stand,
Where eager men from every land
Once dreamt a brief, auriferous dream.

Disordered, strewn for far and wide,
The bouldery piles their work attest,
Close to their place of troubled rest—
Work and surceasing side by side.

A sense of gold seems in the air;
The empty rose receptacle,
Still exquisite, exhales its smell,
The essence of its yellow glare.

The ghost of that rich, rumored time
Still charms in some diluted way,
And bids the curious wanderer stay
To dream, and steep his soul in rhyme.

Where are the first who madly swept
The famous bed-rock's richest cream?
Some, linger in their autumn dream—
Some dead; but few their treasure kept.

Here stood the gilded gambling-room;
Unreckoning, from every land,
The luxuries sultans might command
Were brought to be that treasure's doom.

And Magdalens of mad, mock mirth—
False radiant ones, were gathered here,
And riot reigned till that seemed near
Which brought the deluge on the earth.

That golden mist dissolved like dew;
Those days are dead, and all is still.
But, hark! The pines, on yonder hill,
Sing as they sang ere '92.

L. A. OSBORNE.

Written for The Northwest Magazine.

DAYBREAK ON THE MARSH.

When I think it's half-past four,
I rise and softly creep
Out from the shelter of the tent
And leave the rest asleep.

The stars are shining bright above,
But yonder veil of gray
Over the tree-tops in the East,
Bespeaks the coming day.

The sleeping air is sharp and chill,
The frost on grass and bush,
And not a sound save snapping twigs
To break the morning hush.

A mile or more thro' thickets dark,
And little openings past,
Then, down a short declivity,
The meadow marsh at last.

Like a dark sea all undisturb'd,
It stretches far away,
The woods across loom faintly up
And back the lightning gray.

Under a little stubby fir,
I stand and hark to hear
The first sweet sound that might convey
The presence of the deer.

The stars fade dimmer, dimmer yet,
Then one by one go out;
A little breeze that wanders by
Brings me a twinge of doubt.

The trees on yonder side grow plain,
And day will not be long.
A frog from out the grassy sea
Sings me a lonely song.

And now all things are more distinct,
A sand-hill crane alights—
Scarce fifty feet! And what is that?
I softly raise my sights.

Three hundred yards! The light is poor
For drawing down full line;
But, do or die—the rifle cracks,
The four-point buck is mine!

J. B. RICE.

Written for The Northwest Magazine.

A LEAF.

I knew a maiden coy and fair
Whose wont it was to roam
Beneath the branches of a beech
That grew beside her home.

The leaves fell down upon her face—
A carpet green around.
Oh, if I were a little leaf,
I'd always fall to ground!

A. JESSUP.

Written for The Northwest Magazine.



Measuring Distances in Montana.

In Northern Montana, says an exchange, the natives have peculiar methods of measuring distances. For instance, a few days ago a Butte citizen was traveling a wheel from Lewistown to Fort Benton, and, meeting a native, asked the distance to the next stopping-place. "Darned if I know," responded the aforesaid native, reflectively; "but"—still more reflectively—"d'ye see that fence? Well, it's five miles to the end of that fence; and from there on it's a hell of a ways!" And then both parties went on their way satisfied.

She Rides with Her Husband.

A stockman from Yakima, Washington, passed through Lewiston, Idaho, the other day, on the trail to Missouri with 200 head of horses, says the Lewiston *Teller*. In the company were husband and wife, and the lady will make the journey over the mountains and across the continent on horseback. They have only begun the journey, but the few days have been somewhat eventful. The horses are wild, and they stampeded on Snake River, before reaching this city, and fourteen of the number went over a 200-foot precipice and were crushed to a pulp by contact with rocks in the fall.

He Raised Them.

A few nights ago a miner from the North who had lately sold a claim, had money to burn and was in an incendiary mood, came down to Spokane to make the currency bonfire. He was rather rusty-looking when he struck Spokane, but he was hungry, and, before going to a barber shop or bath, dropped into an up-town restaurant to get something to eat. There was but one waiter and he, busy carrying champagne to a party at another table, paid little attention to the hard-looking miner. Finally the waiter was called over, when the miner said:

"See here, kid! Do I eat?"

"Sorry I can't wait on you now," was the prompt reply, "but the gentlemen there have just ordered a fifty-dollar dinner.

"Fifty-dollar dinner be damned! Bring me \$100 worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it! Do I look like a guy who can be bluffed by a mess of popinjays?" He was waited upon promptly.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

Autumn in Idaho.

Here is a bit of poetry from the lady editor of the *Wardner (Idaho) News*. It was published Sept. 12, and portrays the autumnal changes in that distant land. She says:

"The first silent token that our brief but glorious summer is ended, greets us on every hillside. The tender green of the tamarack is swiftly changing to gold. The russet hue of the frost-touched maples heralds the approach of winter. This is the hectic flush which presages dissolution—the gorgeous interregnum between the gaiety of summer's sensuous sway and the rude and chilling reign of the frost king. Often some of the brightest and loveliest days in the year grace the autumnal season, but they are invariably accompanied by silent witnesses of decay and death. The shallow

rills murmur feebly in their rocky beds—a fitting requiem to the dying flowers which fringe their banks. The yellow splendor of the golden-rod is changing to the dull, brown tints which precede extinction. All these are certain harbingers of the snows and frosts of a fast approaching winter. To the mass of humanity they convey a feeling of sadness—the woodmen alone smile in gleeful and sordid anticipation of an abundant harvest."

Fishing Under Difficulties.

Desolation Lake, in the Greenhorn Range, according to the Puyallup (Wash.) *Commerce*, is a wild and romantic region in the heart of the Blue Mountains of Eastern Oregon. John Roberts went in there this season with a hunting and fishing party. He went out on a log early one morning to fish, while his comrades went up the mountain on a hunt. On their return, when they arrived at the snag where they left Roberts they were astonished to find him in the water, up to his chin, holding on to a root, while thousands of big, black hornets were circling about his head. The party rowed to the shore and, securing a long pole, on the butt end of which a hook was made, a lot of dry moss was gathered and fastened to the end of another long pole, and the rescuers then returned to the snag, taking the precaution to button up their coats, tie handkerchiefs over their faces and pull their hats down over their ears. When they neared the snag the moss was set on fire and pushed ahead on the drift. This drew the attack of the hornets, which rushed into the smoke. One man fastened the hook into the clothing of Roberts, and the men at the oars soon pulled them away to a safe distance, when Roberts was dragged on board, more dead than alive.

Roberts explained that he began fishing and caught a number of trout, but when the sun was up about an hour and it began to get warm, hornets by the thousands began to issue from a cavity in the roots of the snag, and at once attacked him. He slid into the water, but, of course, could not keep his head under, and his head and face had been stung till he was nearly dead, his head swelling to twice its natural size. The stings on the back of the neck, at the base of the skull, seemed to have affected his spinal cord and to have completely paralyzed him. It took five days to pack him on a litter to Heppner, where the physician was inclined to think he would remain a paralytic during the remainder of his life, which would probably be of short duration.

Guessing for a Wife.

A novel agreement has been entered into between three young people of West Superior, Wisconsin. They are Miss Florence Bruno, a pretty and popular young seamstress, and H. C. Hollister and Herman C. Pratt, both railroad conductors on the Duluth and Winnipeg. The young men have for five months been rivals for the hand of the young lady. Miss Bruno seems to have a high regard for both. The suitors have been close friends for years, but it has been clearly understood between them, for some months, that the best man should win, by fair means, and that the other should hold his peace. All sorts of propositions were made for a settlement as to who should be the happy husband, but without avail. One offered to shake dice or play seven-up for the girl, but the proposition was rejected as being an improper way of settling such an important question. Finally the two lovers happened to call at the lady's home on the same evening, and it was agreed then and there that she should determine a way out of the difficulty.

Miss Bruno reluctantly proposed that her future husband be determined by the Presidential election. The agreement is that the two lovers make estimates in writing on the result of the Presidential election, the man guessing nearest the result to take the prize. It is further agreed that the loser shall be present at the wedding and that his wedding gift shall be \$50.

Both are McKinley men, and confident of that candidate's election. They are now spending the greater part of their spare time in reading statistics and gathering information. Miss Bruno is a black-eyed brunette of a coquettish nature. In the event of Bryan's election, the lover making the lowest estimate for McKinley will, of course, get the girl.

He Was Willing to Pay.

A few years ago, before the iron horse had brought in a rush of settlers and had made traveling a pleasure as compared with the old stage-coach days, a devout Methodist minister had invaded the foot-hills of the Rockies and, with light heart and light pocket, was penetrating as best he could into the further interior, where he hoped to carry the glad tidings to the mining-camps. One day, after Calgary had been left behind, and when the stage stopped to make its change of horses at a spot not particularly attractive, there being only a few miners' huts and a boarding-house or two, he signified his intention to walk on a mile or so until the stage should overtake him.

Philosophizing on the great future in store for this wonderful country, says the Brandon (B. C.) *Sun*, he came to the forks of a trail and was doubtful as to which he ought to take. He chose one, however, and, walking on for some time, and the stage not overtaking him, he retraced his steps only to find, by the well-defined marks in the trail, that the stage-coach had gone by on the other trail.

There was nothing for it but to return to the settlement and wait another week for the next stage.

It was Saturday, and the next day was Sunday; so he decided to improve the opportunity by giving a sermon to the miners.

His discourse was eloquent, and, that there should be no question about his denominational leanings, a collection was taken up, at the suggestion of one of the audience.

The next day Rabe Garulson came up from Montana. Rabe was one of the most expert gamblers in the Western country, and made periodical visits to the mining-camps for the purpose of entertaining the boys and, incidentally, helping himself. He was popular, and his presence in the town meant a holiday for the entire camp.

Noticing the stranger over in the corner of the room, Rabe asked the landlord who he was. He was confidentially informed that he was a knowing one; that he had a new game, and had cleaned the boys out on Sunday.

"Cleaned them out, eh? Well, he *must* have a new game."

"Yes; cleaned them out. They have not a 'bit' left."

Shortly afterwards, Rabe made his way over to the stranger and, after the usual remarks as to the weather, said:

"They tell me you have got a new game. Now, I'm no hog, but am willing to pay you well if you let me into it."

"Why, I don't understand you," said the preacher.

"Oh, well, that's all right; but if you cleaned out the boys it must be a good one, and I'll pay well for it."

Again came the protest that his language was not understood. At last it began to dawn

on Rabe that there was some misunderstanding.

Returning to the landlord, he said: "You've put me on the wrong lay. I believe that man's a preacher."

"Why, certainly! He preached a corker of a sermon yesterday, and at collection-time the boys showed their appreciation by giving him every cent they had."

Rabe went back to the minister's corner and, making his apologies, said, diving into his pockets: "Here, you may not want this yourself, but you may meet some one that does," and he placed a fifty-dollar roll in the hands of the preacher. It was a game that called even him.

Back in the Early Seventies.

Away back in the early seventies, when the Northern Pacific was pushing its way West-

was, in the eyes of its owners, the coming metropolis of the Northwest, there was a rivalry between these two places which exceeded even that now existing between the Twin Cities. And it was a bitter rivalry. There was no speculation in which they did not indulge, no lawlessness and crime—which were then so prevalent in frontier towns—that were not openly winked at. They were the twin paradises of the gambler, the thug, the whisky-seller and the dance-house keeper. As a better class of people was attracted to these places, this state of things became unbearable. They were horrified at the utter disregard of law, and shocked at the flaunting of sin in their very faces. It must be stopped. It remained for Moorhead to take the first step. But the people who were to inaugurate the reform were Christian men and opposed to acts of violence. They would get up

through curiosity, but mainly because he had staked his last chip and was down on his luck.

The preacher's discourse, which had been interrupted by the entrance of the Fargoites, was resumed. He spoke of the wonderful deliverance of the Israelites, and of the destruction of Pharaoh in the Red Sea. At the word "Pharaoh," Poker Pete thought some slight was being cast on his town, and he broke in with:

"No faro across the Red River? Why, your prairie-dog town ain't in it with us! Col. Jack Chinn has the best layout this side of Minneapolis."

To quiet the commotion created by Poker Pete's interruption, the evangelist started that familiar hymn, "Must I be carried to the skies," and at its close asked all who wanted to go to Heaven to stand up. Everybody arose except



A STORAGE BOOM FOR LOGS ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

ward, a motley crowd of adventurers kept in the van of the graders, and close in the wake of the first train followed a restless throng to each new terminus. As in all floating populations, there was to be found a mixture of all peoples, all bent upon one purpose—that of making a stake. The bad man had his tent stocked with villainous whisky and poker outfits. Far into night the sound of drunken revelry rang upon the still air, and awoke a responsive howl from the prairie-wolf that lurked in the shadows beyond the camp. The good man, and the Christian who traded in goods of a different nature, were there with their shacks and hopes of worldly gain. Perhaps the most heterogeneous mass of humanity that ever congregated was that which gathered in and about Moorhead and Fargo during the construction of the railroad bridge across the Red River, which separates these two points—the former in Minnesota, the latter in North Dakota. In those railroad-building days, says a writer in the Fergus Falls (Minn.) *Journal*, when every incipient town site

a revival, and win these sinful creatures from their wicked ways.

A large, nondescript tenement, half boards and half canvas, wherein one Deacon Feedem furnished entertainment for "man and beast," was secured, an evangelist sent for, and a messenger ferried over to Fargo to announce religious services on a certain evening. When the time came, the dining-room of the hotel was lighted brilliantly with star-candles fastened to barrel-hoops which hung from the ceiling. The audience was a mixed one, but attentive, and the evangelist, who had been given his cue, was eloquent in his scathing denunciation of the sin of gambling and its associate evils.

When the delegation arrived from Fargo, headed by Poker Pete, a notorious gambler and tough, there was a manifest uneasiness felt, as he was known to be a bad man, quick on the trigger and somewhat deaf, which defect had more than once ended disastrously to some one whose language he had misunderstood. Poker Pete had dropped into the meeting partly

Poker Pete. When the crowd was seated he got upon his chair and said:

"Now, partner, yer hev spoke yer piece 'n' I'll speak mine. Yer hev all said yer wanted ter go to Heaven, not 'on flowery beds of ease,' like a tenderfoot, but yer want ter 'sail through bloody seas.' Now, I hain't a man to stand in the way of any pilgrim. Do you see these guns? They are gettin' rusty, but I kin accomodate any man as wants to go to Heaven. Now, all who wants ter be an angel will git up. A quick trip and no stop-overs is what you'll get."

As the revolvers clicked ominously, the evangelist made a dive for the back door and the audience crawled under the benches. Poker Pete held the winning cards.

"Well," said he, "I am glad you wasn't in earnest; no more was I; but the bluff went an' I'll rake in the pot. This meeting will now adjourn." And adjourn it did. The next train East carried the evangelist back to St. Paul, and the two towns were left to work out their own salvation.



Successful Finesse.

The Yakima (Wash.) *Herald* says that a very popular young woman of that village, when asked why it was that her husband, who before marriage was wild and profligate, was now quite domesticated and seemed to worship the ground she walked upon, said the main reason was, that when her spouse did happen to slip a cog she never heard him when he came in late, had completely forgotten his indiscretion in the morning, and never remembered it afterwards. In other words, her husband appreciated the fact that she wasn't eternally nagging him. There is lots of sense in this item.

A Simple Diphtheria Remedy.

Diphtheria would lose its terrors if a simple home remedy were always available which could be trusted as efficacious. Such a remedy seems to have been given by the *Scientific American*:

"At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a child, make the room close; then take a tin cup and pour into it an equal quantity of tar and turpentine, then hold the cup over the fire, so as to fill the room with the fumes. The patient, in inhaling the fumes, will cough and spit up the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass off. The fumes of the tar and turpentine lessen the trouble in the throat and thus afford the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians."

Rules for the Napkin.

There is a good deal of uncertainty as to whether it is or is not the thing to fold a napkin after a formal meal. If one is staying in the house, and knows that napkin-rings are in use, it seems a reflection upon that custom to fling the napkin down in an untidy heap. An elegantly appointed table deserves better treatment, even at the end of the meal, than those disheveled piles of drapery. Therefore, it always seems fittest to simply half-fold the napkin, and not attract attention to it either by one obtrusive habit or the other."

The above is taken from *Good Housekeeping*, and it is certainly in the line of good sense. Whatever fashion may dictate, it is inelegant and almost indecent to leave one's napkin all crinkled and tumbled on an otherwise immaculate table. This is especially true of the family table, and it is applicable to all occasions save the larger banquets.

The Shopping Bag.

The leather waist or belt satchel is being entirely superseded by the more capacious and altogether more convenient silk or satin shopping-bag. A handsome bag is of heavy black satin, and is one-half a yard wide. It is lined with changeable red surah silk, and is finished at the bottom by a broad band of black passementerie. The drawing-strings at the top of the bag are of black gros grain ribbon. The receptacle is so large that it holds the owner's purse and many small parcels when she goes shopping, or if she means to "take in" a matinee before she returns home, the ample reticule holds her opera-glasses, extra handkerchiefs, a pair of light gloves, and yet, like Robin-a-Dobin, of nursery-rhyme fame, is not full. These bags are so simply made that the veriest tyro in needlework would have little

trouble in fashioning one. For severe utility, one is made of a single piece of black moire a yard long, doubled so as to form both the outside and lining of the bag. This lining will be found to have more lasting qualities than the surah, which, although pretty, soon frays or wears thin.

For the Home-Maker.

Kitchen utensils are so cheap now that it is utter folly, if not a crime of wasting time, for any housekeeper to be ill-supplied with them. What is the use of the advancement of civilization or the spread of science if there be no material good resulting—if the great art of all the ages be not benefited? Cooking has always been an art, sometimes recognized, sometimes not. Today it is an easy thing to be a good chef. The way is made smooth, and with some idea of the eternal fitness of things, ingenuity, and interest in the subject, any woman can be a constant source of joy to all within her gates. Here are some of the new things, each one having been thoroughly tested. Dollie egg separators, retailed at thirty-five cents; Mrs. Row's new fruit-jar, \$1.25 per dozen; the Geyser coffee-pot, from ninety cents to \$1.50; the Mudge canner; canister coffee-mill; favorite cream or egg-whip, \$1.25; self-sealing pie-tin; enterprise meat-chopper, \$1.75; dial scales; improved cake tins without number; Christy kitchen spatula; and the useful weighing cup. Get these and other modern helps that you need, and see the sunshine steal into your kitchen and feel the gloom pass out of your heart.

To Renew Black Kid Gloves.

Many ladies complain that black kid gloves become so rusty. Black glace kid gloves are liable to wear white or purplish at the ends of the fingers from attrition. Handling articles and buttoning the gloves assist in wearing away the surface dye, which, like beauty, is but skin deep. This surface dye must be renewed. A little piece of sponge fastened to a hair-pin makes an excellent brush for this purpose, and, with a bottle of good, black ink, your outfit is complete. Wet your improvised brush with the ink and apply to the worn parts of the gloves. They will be on your hand, of course, unless you have one of the forms sold to wash and dry chamois gloves, which are very handy if you wear gloves of soft leather. The ink will dry very quickly, leaving a dull, dead mark on your gloves, showing where it has touched them. With a piece of flannel, after the ink has thoroughly dried, rub on the dull place a little vaseline or sweet-oil—not too much—and, presto! you have nice, shiny black fingers and thumbs instead of the gray, worn digits your gloves showed prior to your artistic efforts at a nocturne in black. Remember, this treatment is only for black glace kid gloves. The ink may and will improve worn suedes, but beware of the oiling process.

A Rebellion Against Calling.

A writer in *Lippincott's* wishes to know of what earthly use is company. She says: "You probably see your neighbors once a week, meeting them on the public highways, and if you nod pleasantly and speak a word or two of the weather and of the health of the family, has not everything been done that our necessities require or formality can reasonably demand? If we have business or need information that others can give us, go and ask of them. Be brief, but to the point, and, leaving with what is desired, carry away also their blessing. To go to another's house, to request of its inmates, one or all, to sit for half an hour or longer and listen to your platitudes, and—coming away—lie to them about a pleasant call, is intolerable. Yet there are thousands who do this daily.

Why should I leave my occupation, be it loafing even, and give my attention to some man or woman who is thoughtless enough to 'call?' The actuating motive never appears. Much is spoken and nothing said. I receive no worthy thought to profit by or increase the probability of a beatific eternity. The familiar, well-gnawed bones of doctrine fall from the devil's table. Usually I am forced to breathe, at such a time, a gossip-poisoned atmosphere. This 'call' is another idea of civility, and I am compelled, it appears, to be a victim of his or her whim. If I refuse, as I have done point-blank, to present myself, I am called a boor and all manner of ugly names."

A Lecture on Home Discontent.

A woman with no care of home or who shirks domestic duties because they are unpleasant, says the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, may owe this defect to training as much as to nature. There are men who perform all tasks perfunctorily, and have no love for work. Women have more cause for the discontent of domestic drudgery, because it is more monotonous than the employment of most men. If there is trouble in the house, the wife is left to solitary brooding, while the man goes out among his fellows and soon finds distraction. Going out is a change; returning home is another. By evening the events of the day have driven away the cares of the morning. Had the wife the same opportunities, her little troubles would sit as lightly upon her.

Where there is discontent, there is usually a local cause which may be removed. If it is characteristic, it is pitiable. The normally discontented woman is a hypochondriac—suffering from a mental disorder, which needs such tonics as are usually given to grief. The trials of a wife and mother will appeal to most men as affording some extenuation. The monotony of domestic duty, and the more limited opportunities for daily change, will suggest tolerant consideration and efforts to afford her relief even unknown to herself. There is a wide range between the discontent with irksome and dreary routine—the aspiration for more pleasant, if not more commendable occupation—and that discontent which comes of pampered selfishness. It will require fully as much consideration and tactful attention on the part of the husband to ameliorate it, as effort on the part of the wife. And in the husband's efforts will a reward be found in the exaltation of his own character, even if it fail completely in its effect upon the woman.

Are Face Beautifiers Paralyzing?

A writer in the *Philadelphia Times* says that the powder "most commonly employed by the society woman is pink in color and makes the skin look smooth when rubbed in. It seems harmless," she says, "but it is, in fact, made of ground stone, and when applied to the face fills every pore of the skin. This is most dangerous, as no perspiration can possibly escape. When this is used persistently for some time the small veins on the surface become paralyzed. This is the beginning of the end.

"Washes," the same writer observes, "should all be avoided. No woman who cares about her health should have anything to do with them. There is not one among them that is innocent. They all contain harmful minerals and are, in fact, almost entirely composed of bismuth, mercury, and oxide of zinc. Bismuth is the favorite ingredient. This it is that paralyzes the small veins. The circulation of blood through those veins becomes impeded, and after awhile they become permanently visible in ugly little red lines. Mercury is generally used in the shape of corrosive sublimate, which is most injurious. Oxide of zinc fills up the pores and

does mischief in other ways. Washes that remove freckles always have corrosive sublimate for their active principle. This is readily absorbed by the skin, and the mercury causes constitutional derangement and often eruptions."

And then, attacking the creams, she declares that "all of them are exceptionally destructive. They are made up almost entirely of corrosive sublimate and oxide of zinc. Almond oil is added to these ingredients, and also rose-water, or some other perfume. Rouge is likewise very harmful, although not so much so as the other cosmetics which are applied to the face.

"A woman feels a queer sensation in her arms, accompanied by shooting pains and numbness. She usually supposes she has rheumatism, or something of that nature, and that it will pass away in a few days. Instead of getting better it grows gradually worse, and she finds her feet becoming uncomfortable. They feel as if needles and pins were being run into them. In fact, her whole nervous system appears to be going to pieces. If she is sensible, she will no longer delay seeing a first-rate physician. When the doctor examines her case, if he is an expert, he will tell her that she has cosmetic paralysis. If she has not allowed it to go too long, she will find that by removing the cause—the artificial beautifiers—she will recover. If she is not willing to give them up, or has delayed until too late, she will gradually become paralyzed all over."

Not satisfied with these onslaughts, the revolutionist goes on to say: "All French powders are dangerous. They are largely made of lead. Lead, like mercury, is readily absorbed by the skin, to which it gives a permanent, death-like whiteness. It is apt to paralyze the muscles of the face, and to cause eruption. Blood poison is likewise produced by it. Powder that contains lead is easy of detection, as it is much heavier than that which has no lead in it. French powders have a decided "body" and clog up the skin, which is thoroughly unwholesome."

If all this be true,—and we confess that the *Times* writer makes out a pretty strong case,—it follows that our wives and daughters, and all their feminine kith and kin, must either sacrifice their complexion-stuffs or inflict incipient paralysis on the whole human race. Harmful as they may be, however, we are inclined to think that these toilet preparations are not half so black as they are painted. So vital a taint as that depicted above would surely manifest itself more universally and pronouncedly in all the generations that have elapsed since powders, cosmetics, etc., were first employed as aids to feminine loveliness. Paralysis is not a dallying malady. Its march is swift; its effect deadly. Were all these complexion-wares paralyzing even in the slightest degree, it would not require centuries of time for the mortal effect to manifest itself.

Our November Scrap-Book.

Sprinkle unslacked lime in the cellar to absorb all dampness and kill disease germs.

A raw egg, taken immediately, will carry down a fishbone that cannot be got up from the throat.

The white of an egg beaten with loaf sugar and lemon, relieves hoarseness. Take a teaspoonful once every hour.

If a little flour is rubbed over a cake before icing, it will prevent the frosting from spreading and running off the sides.

To clean copper kettles with little labor, use buttermilk and wash all copper utensils with it. Once a week will keep them bright and clean.

The plano-lamp is a thing of the past and is now considered a nuisance to most housewives.



GOOD MORNING!

The banquet-lamp is much more popular and decidedly more useful.

In washing anything made of chamois skin, use warm water with a little ammonia in it, and do not wring the chamois. Press it and rub and pull it, and dry quickly.

There is nothing better for removing fingerprints from furniture than a soft cloth moistened with kerosene. It will also remove white spots on varnished or oiled furniture.

A smooth piece of whalebone, or the blunt edge of an ivory paper-knife, are good things with which to curl ostrich-feathers. Neither impoverishes the feather or curls it too tightly.

To set the dye in black stockings, wash in strong salt and water, then dry and wash again in another solution, rinsing, last of all, in clear water. If done properly, the dye will not move after this.

A cheaper and purer syrup than you can possibly buy, is made of a pint of granulated sugar and just enough water to keep it from burning while the sugar melts. Boil three minutes and do not stir.

If a spoonful of borax is put into the last water in which white clothes are rinsed, it will whiten them very much. The borax should be dissolved in a little hot water before it is added to the rinsing water.

If you are obliged to have your hands in strong, soapy water in washing dishes or other

household work, a little vinegar rubbed on them when taken from the water will improve them, as well as make them white.

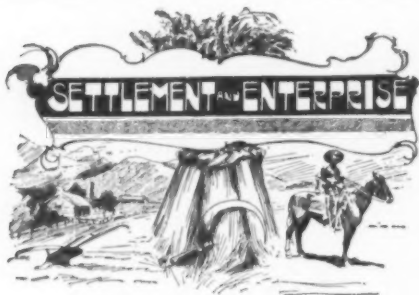
Putting the feet in hot water will invariably cure a headache, from whatever cause it arises. The head aches when, from any cause, the little blood vessels in the brain are too full. Putting the feet in hot water draws the blood from the head.

Brittle nails should be rubbed nightly with a little cold cream, vaseline or sweet oil, which will keep them from breaking. If gloves are worn at night the tips of the fingers should be cut off, or this practice will tend to make the nails brittle.

An exceedingly nervous person, who cannot sleep, may often be quieted and put to sleep by being rubbed with a towel wrung out of hot salted water. Frequently a change from a warm bed to a cool one will tend to quiet a nervous person and make him drowsy.

It is sometimes useful to know that a teaspoonful of cornstarch is equal to one egg and may be substituted, in case of a scarcity of eggs, for part of the eggs in a custard or other dishes where milk and eggs are called for.

Bread that has been cut in slices and has become stale, may be freshened by laying the slices together and folding a napkin around them; put the napkin in a paper bag, then place the bag in a hot oven for a few minutes. The bread will be found quite fresh and nice.



Promising Indications.

The total land sales of the Northern Pacific Railway Company during the fiscal year just closed amounted to \$1,641,551. This is an increase of nearly \$1,000,000 over land sales for the previous year, and it may be cited as evidence of the revival of business and settlement in the Northwest.

Found in Tacoma.

According to the *Pacific Coast Trade*, the Tacoma Smelting & Refining Company turned out 5,200 bars of bullion, weighing 535,692 pounds and valued at \$92,139.30, during August. The product includes 2,301.84 ounces of gold, valued at \$47,579.03; 45,848.07 ounces of silver, valued at \$30,718.21, and 532,387 pounds of lead, valued at \$13,842.06. The company paid to seventy-eight employees \$5,649.91 for the month, and paid \$610 to wood-choppers and teams, a total wage disbursement of \$6,259.91.

By No Means a Failure.

The Minneapolis *Journal's* annual estimate of the wheat crop for Minnesota and the Dakotas places the 1896 yield as follows: Minnesota 44,500,000 bushels, North Dakota 36,000,000, South Dakota 27,500,000; total, 108,000,000. While this is 85,000,000 bushels under the yield for 1895, the grain averages well in quality and it is believed that the short crop—assisted by the large falling off in the Russian output, will result in forcing prices to a point that will amply compensate for the shortage.

Found in the Black Hills.

A resource of the Black Hills, about which nothing has been said in the newspapers, is a stone from which a sort of plaster known as hard wall-plaster is manufactured. Although it has been in use some time, nothing has been said about it except by those who have been using it. The Rapid City (S. D.) *Journal* says it is a good substitute for lime, and that it does not require hair. One thing in favor of it is the fact that no time is required for the plastered walls to dry. A house can be plastered in the morning, and the family can move in the afternoon.

Water-Works on His Farm.

L. W. Follis has finished putting in a system of water-works of his own on his farm on Dry Creek. On the hill above his residence is a never-failing spring that he has piped down to the house. He has run a line to the yard, where he can irrigate his lawn, and has also taken it to the barnyard, where it supplies abundance of water for the stock. The spring is high enough to give considerable pressure. By attaching a hose he can throw water to the roof of his big barn. It is a great convenience, and Mr. Follis says he would not take a thousand dollars for it.—*Garfield (Wash.) Enterprise*.

An Oregon Tannery.

The tannery at Eugene, Oregon, is now running on full time. Several new buildings for sheltering tan-bark and wood, and additions to the main building, have been erected during the summer. A number of new vats have been

built lately, and the capacity of the tannery has otherwise been increased considerably within the past year, so much so that next year's output of leather will far exceed that of any previous year. Twelve men are now employed, and 1,000 sides of leather per month can be turned out as soon as the new vats are ready for use. The products of the tannery are shipped to Portland and San Francisco, the principal market being the latter city. The demand for the leather is such that it is shipped as fast as a few rolls can be turned out. Forty-five rolls, or over 10,000 pounds, were shipped during August. The output will be increased to fifty rolls per month after a short time, says the *Eugene Guard*.

An Island Garden of Fifty Acres.

An island in the Yellowstone River, comprising about fifty acres and just west of the N. P. bridge, near Billings, Montana, has lately been filed upon as a homestead by W. A. Worley. If Mr. Worley's plans are carried out, the island will become a veritable Garden of Eden. He has already planted some hundreds of different varieties of small fruits, and intends later to plant apple and other large fruits, which will doubtless do well there, the soil being unusually rich. In addition to the cultivation of fruits, Mr. Worley will keep several hundred chickens and hope to supply the Billings market with quantities of fresh eggs.

To Take Gold From the Missouri River.

The Helena *Herald* is authority for the statement that a company composed of Great Falls, Montana, people is going to try the experiment of washing gravel from the bottom of the Missouri River between Townsend and Canyon Ferry, with the view of saving some of the gold known to exist therein. The company is styled the Great Falls Mining Company, and is composed of several well-known mining and smelting men, who just at present do not care to have their names made public. They have expended a couple of thousand dollars or more building a large flatboat and equipping the same with some specially designed machinery invented by a citizen of the Cataract City. The boat is propelled by steam, which will also furnish the power needed for treating the gravel and sand from the river bottom. By a system

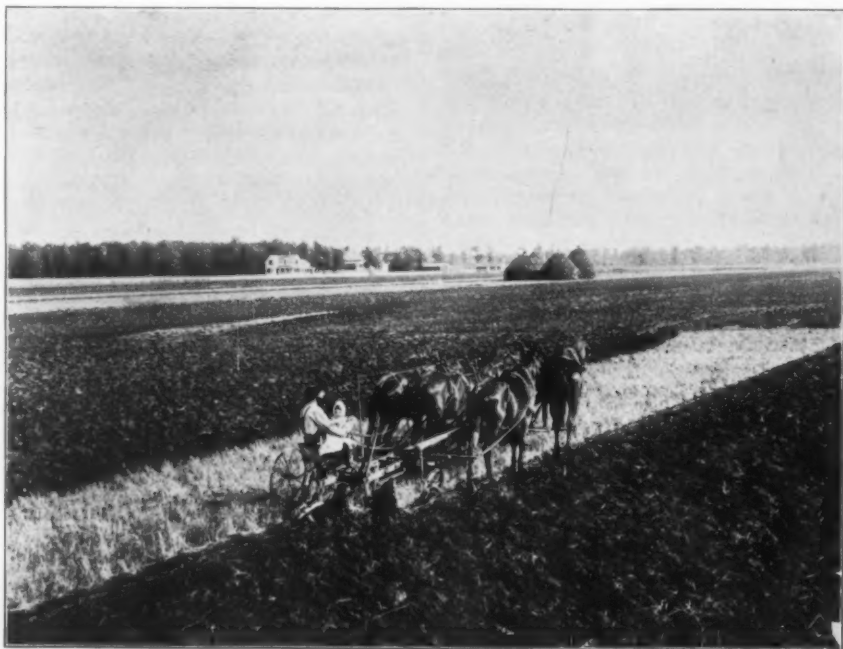
of cups or elevators, running in an endless chain, the material is scooped up and run over or through sluice-boxes carried upon the boat. By a special arrangement of the latter, in connection with some ingeniously devised and specially invented machinery, it is hoped that enough of the gold can be saved to make the undertaking pay.

Northern Pacific Prizes for North Dakota.

The success of his first year's experiments with the Campbell system of soil culture has induced General Manager Kendrick of the Northern Pacific to prosecute his experiments on a larger scale, and next year eighty acres of land will be treated in each of the North Dakota counties of Stark, Morton, Burleigh, Kidder, Stutsman, Foster, Wells, Griggs, Richland, Eddy, Benson, Barnes, La Moure, Dickey, Ransom and Cass. Three premiums will be offered for the best results, the premiums being one 3,000-mile book, two 1,000-mile books and one 1,000-mile book. The premiums will not be awarded upon the size of the yield secured, alone, on account of the difference in the character of the soil in the different places. The awards will therefore be upon a scale of percentages covering markings upon thorough plowing and packing, thorough cultivation and care of crop while growing, and yield of crop. It is estimated that the ratio of increase upon the different farms this year, owing to the adoption of the system, has been as follows: At Lisbon, fifty per cent; Jamestown, twenty-five per cent; Pingree, twenty-five per cent; Dawson, twenty-five per cent, and at Glen Ullen thirty-three per cent.

The Northwest on Solid Bottom.

Not until one travels throughout the Northwest, says the Minneapolis *Commercial Bulletin*, can the importance of this section and the development in progress be appreciated. The Northwest is becoming prosperous in all that the word implies. The evidences of poverty and hard luck are almost entirely wanting. Prosperous towns are found on all sides, and these towns are growing in population. This is not imagination; it is fact. And the fact has important bearing on business. The 'boom' of ten and twelve years ago is of the past. The trouble it caused, the inflation of values it pro-



A BIT OF FALL PLOWING IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY IN NORTH DAKOTA.

duced, the speculative spirit it inspired, have run their course and gone for all time. The Northwest is on solid bottom. The readjustment necessary because of unsoundness has been accomplished, and the people now in the country are there to stay.

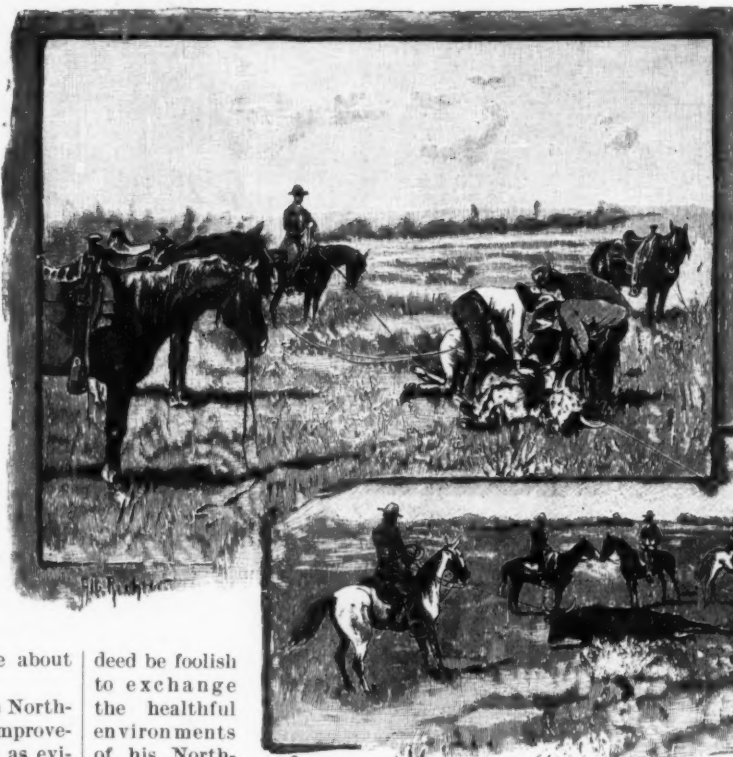
The building up process has begun. There is growth now on all sides, and indications are that the country towns suffering most from inflation and speculative wildness will, as the general prosperity is expressed in increased population and better farm management, again attain the solidity which marked them a few years ago. There is much to encourage in the Northwest today, and, outside of poor farming in some sections, not much to discourage. The Northwest is productive. It will support a great people from its products. This means much in the future. As the years go by improvement in methods will come in, and this will mean better results. Already there is a disposition quite general among farmers to know more about their business.

There is not a hamlet or town in the Northwest that is not showing growth or improvement. These facts must be accepted as evidence of the growing independence of the communities. Inquiry develops less of unfavorable conditions, and destitution is almost unknown among any large number of people. The tide of immigration brought into the country, a decade ago, many who belong to the drifting class. These have largely disappeared, and in their places are actual farmers—those who have bought lands for a purpose and are staying by them.

Stick to the Northland.

The Jamestown (N. D.) *Alert* expresses the opinion that it is not likely that the "special inducements" being offered Northern farmers to take up land in the Southern States will be very eagerly taken advantage of by the sensible farmers of North Dakota. It says that the agricultural conditions of the South are, from every point of view, no better than here, if as good. "From all over the South come reports of losses and depression in the cotton and tobacco industries, their chief occupations and cash crops. This loss is as great, if not greater, than the wheat-raising business of the Northwest is now suffering. It would certainly be foolish for a farmer to jump from the North to the extreme South, unused to their long seasons of debilitating heat, and with no assurance of better, if as good, results in any kind of farm work." It advises people to stick to North Dakota. "It is not the fault of land, our healthy climate, our markets or our educational advantages, that farming is not now a paying business. When the remedy for this comes, as come it must, there is no State in the Union where more money can be made farming and stock-growing than right here at home. We will not have to wait long for the results when the turn for higher prices comes, and then the North Dakota farmer will realize on his work just as quickly as the Southern farmer."

The *Alert* might go a step further and say that the farmers of North Dakota and of the whole Northwest are much better off every way than the cotton, tobacco and corn-planters of the South. The cotton-crop is much more frequently a failure, both as regards yield and price, than the Northern wheat-crop, and there is a greater diversity of crops here, also. A farmer would in-



SNAP SHOTS OF THE FALL ROUND-UP.

deed be foolish to exchange the healthful environments of his Northern home for the debilitating conditions which exist so universally in Southern latitudes. There is greater intelligence here, a broader range for activity, and infinitely better opportunities for individual advancement—whether it be social or agricultural. The continuous flocking of Southerners to the North would seem to belie the fake boom statements that farm-life in Southern latitudes is the direct road to easy fortune.

Washington Wheat.

The Island County *Times*, published at Coupeville, Washington, says that one of the most remarkable yields of wheat ever recorded was grown on the Abbott farm this season by A. L. and L. A. Comstock. They had a total of thirty-seven acres of wheat, from which they threshed 3,096 bushels, an average of more than eighty-three bushels per acre. One field of this, measuring twenty acres in area, yielded 2,236 bushels, or an average of more than 111 bushels per acre. The other field would have turned out just as well, but for the mixture of wild oats with the wheat. The grain grew so heavy that considerable of it was prostrated by the rain-storm on the first of August, and consequently it was not all saved. The land upon which it grew is part of the Robert Hill donation claim, and has been cultivated continuously without fertilization since 1852, a fact which illustrates the richness and lasting qualities of Whidby Island's prairie-lands.

Another great wheat region is the Palouse Country, south of Spokane. Early reports from this section were not promising, but now that the harvest is over it is found that the yield is heavy—much larger than last year. Farmers are in a rather jubilant state of mind, for prices are fair in a ready market, and though much of the grain is not up to the highest standard, owing to the scorching winds of July, yet a great deal is of the very best quality. As the cost of grain transportation is in its weight, the railroads are not affected unfavorably. The O. R. & N. Company is now, and has been for some time, moving out a vast quantity of wheat

from the Palouse District. Inquiries at the local railroad freight offices develop the fact that all who have any share of the traffic from that region are very happily disappointed over the result of the harvest.

The situation in Whitman County is equally encouraging. The Garfield *Enterprise*, of October 2, said that 100,000 bushels of wheat were sold there within two days at an advance of four cents on the regular market

price, the price paid having been forty-five cents. Of course, this represents but a fractional part of the wheat output there, nevertheless it meant the immediate distribution of nearly \$50,000 among the farmers of that vicinity, and consequent general good feeling.

Angora Goats in Oregon.

Talking about Angora goats, the Portland *Oregonian* says that Joseph Carstairs, of the Upper Satsop, about twenty miles west of Shelton, has great success with his flock, which now numbers about eighty head. The does will breed twice a year, and a flock will about double itself every year by breeding only once, as nearly every doe is sure to produce two kids. The only disease the flock seems subject to is that of the feet, similar to the foot-rot in sheep, which troubles this flock but little and then in the spring only. Mr. Carstairs is largely interested in stock-raising, and has always kept a large band of sheep. The cougars and wildcats troubled him quite badly, occasionally taking several head in a single night, but since he has got his band of goats, not a sheep has been taken. The sheep and goats stay near each other nights, and the latter are brave and dangerous fighters.

A South Dakota Achievement.

That there is enterprise in South Dakota other than that shown in agricultural ways, is demonstrated by the following from the Brookings (S. D.) *Register*:

"One of the greatest curiosities in the line of photography the writer has ever seen was brought home by Mrs. Ed. Williams on her return from Huron this week. During a heavy thunder storm at night, F. W. Cannon, a Huron dentist, went up on top of a water-tower for the purpose of trying to secure a negative of a flash of lightning. His first attempt was successful, and it is said to be the finest photograph of the kind ever secured. He is receiving orders from scientists in this country, and also in Europe, for copies of the photograph."



A Convicting Preacher.

The *Minneapolis Journal* says that some of the curbstone arguments are calculated to drive a man to crime as much as the efforts of a negro preacher who was carrying on a protracted meeting in Missouri. When asked how he got on with the meeting, he said: "First rate! I made seventy convicts the first night."

She Replied Icily.

"Ah!" observed the fool question-maker; "learning to ride the bicycle, I see! How are you getting on?"

"I sometimes get a derrick to lift me on," she remarked, icily, "and at other times I fall off the house into the saddle."

And then she tried to mount, and ran into the plum-tree again.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Good Thing to Push Along.

A street gamblin was yesterday "shinin' up" an elderly gentleman, who was leaning against a building. He was supported by two canes, which so attracted the attention of the bootblack that he sought to know why they were necessary. The gentleman explained that he had an injured knee and was thinking of having his leg taken off, but he added that it would cost a thousand dollars.

"My!" exclaimed the lad; "that's an awful pile of money!" and then, after a moment's hesitation, he added, "and it might kill you."

"But if it kills me," the gentleman responded, "the doctors will give my family \$5,000."

The bootblack polished away for some time, and then looked up and remarked:

"Well, I'd have the d—d thing cut off."—*Duluth News-Tribune*.

He Called Him Down.

Out in one of the pretty towns of Eastern Washington is a good-looking, half-way-sort of newspaper fellow who is so "stuck on himself" and so full of egotism that he is an offense to the gods themselves. He is also very loud-voiced. Wherever he may happen to be—in a busy office or in a drawing-room, his self-important voice and proprietary manner fill every inch of space and make life burdensome to everyone else.

A few days ago a local political club was organized. At the club's first regular meeting a goodly number of solid citizens were present and deep interest was manifested. One or two very sensible addresses had been made, when our would-be Adonis arose and began to speak. He took the position that the others were all wrong. They didn't understand these great questions, and he would set them right. And then, in a loud voice, he began to demonstrate his monumental asininity. After a while an old, gray-headed judge arose directly in front of the orator and, pointing a finger at him, said:

"John, if you would only go out on some illimitable desert and let your wind off there, you would confer a lasting boon on your suffering townsmen and relieve the atmosphere of a stupendous quantity of noxious gas."

A "16 to 1" Marriage.

The *Turtle Mountain Star*, published in Rolla, N. D., tells about a judge in that place who is a red-hot silver man and somewhat ex-

citable in his nature. While marrying a couple recently he got the marriage ceremony mixed up with the Democratic platform, lately adopted at the Chicago convention. After mistaking two attendants for the bride and groom, he started off in this fashion:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God and in presence of these witnesses to join together this man and woman in holy matrimony at the ratio of 16 to 1, which is an honorable estate instituted of God in the time of man's innocence, signifying unto us that the standard of silver dollars shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts public and private, into which holy estate these two persons come now to be joined. Therefore, if anyone can show any cause why Wm. J. Bryan should not be elected President of the United States, let him now speak or forever and hereafter hold his peace. I require and charge you both to stick to the Democratic platform adopted in Chicago, and if any one of you know of any impediment why ye should not, speak now, or forever hereafter hold your tongue."

They Laid Him Out.

Sam Gordon, the veteran journalist of Eastern Montana, fell into the hands of a hard gang one night at the Republican State Convention at Helena, says an *Anaconda* paper. The Silver Bow crowd had the entire parlor floor of the hotel, and room 27 was known as their official headquarters, the rest of the floor being used as sleeping-rooms for the Silver Bow delegates and their friends. When Sam Gordon arrived from Custer County, the rooms were all gone and Sam was given a cot in the hall. The journalist deliberated at the bar several hours that night, doubtless, as to whether he ought to go to bed at all or not. It was late when he finally concluded to retire, and when he got into his little cot in the hall he lost no time in falling into a sound sleep. Late as it was, however, there were others. A gang of Butte boys came along the hall to their rooms, a little before morning, and found Sam sleeping soundly on the little cot. They carried the cot and its mammoth contents into room 27, and then took Sam and laid him out gently on the floor. The sleeper never stirred. His hands were crossed piously over his breast, and a sheet was drawn over him. Then the boys hunted up some crape and hung it on the door with an inscription, which read:

Died.
Sam Gordon,
A Goldbug.
Inquest at 9:30.

When Gordon woke up the next day, he remarked: "That Silver Bow crowd are high flyers, but I'll let them know that I'm anything but a white-sheeted 'stiff' with crape ornamentalions."

Side-Talks to Inquirers.

MAUD S.—The old idea that something must be left on the plate for "manners," no longer obtains. With wheat and oats down to their present prices, etiquette cannot afford to overlook the appetite of the hired man.

BIRDY.—A young lady does not generally have visiting cards until she has made her debut. We don't know when that is, but, to be on the safe side, do not get visiting cards until you are able to use a knife and feed yourself pie without smearing it all over your face.

JERRY.—Do not wipe your whiskers, when at the table, with the back of your hand. Use a red bandana handkerchief. It does not show anything but custard pie.

OLE.—If you find a yellow hair in your slap-

jacks, do not call attention to it and remark upon the singularity of having found a hair of this color, when the cook is a Chinaman. Take the hair by both hands, carefully spread it out before your plate, and thus give everyone an opportunity to see it and guard against similar substances. Be a gentleman, Ole, under all circumstances.

KATIE.—In eating soup, drain the dregs by lifting the plate carefully (with both hands) to your mouth and letting it gurgle gently down your epiglottis in a ladylike manner. We are indebted to the *Ladies' Home Journal* for this last suggestion.

HENRY.—No; the Electoral College is not located at Oshkosh. It is not yet open for the season of '96-'97, nor have we its catalogue on hand.—*Bozemon (Mont.) Chronicle*.

A Medical Treatise.

"Now, then," said the physician at the meeting of the association, "you first catch your patient and lassoo him to the operating-table. Your instruments have been sterilized previously and you have a full supply of septic and anti-septic bazams. Make your incision at the point of the azaratic, and permit no palpitulation of the lorum unless you fear that the argenitric canal is likely to burst its banks and overflow the zazarina. Proceeding thence to the spasmary, you lift the capuletic flimsorara and execute a pilmgory lesion of the boweletic. Splice the ology to the valvular zylomonic, and skin the tonsillotomy till the patient's lamps bulge widely in the billymagotory. You will know by the bulging of the orbs that the anti-pyreticea tissue is making an egregious ass of itself, and the only thing left to do is to choke the pyloric till the gasserian gangallion is black in the face. This is the only manner in which nervous diseases can be successfully treated, and if the zuma does not interfere and cause an overflow of the spizamarina, the patient may live; otherwise, there is a chance for him to plow through the clouds by the time you finish your diagnostical apparition."

"Yes," said a physician in the audience, "but what becomes of the choledochotomy?"

"That," said the lecturer, "is quickly absorbed by the stirpicultural of the gastro-intestino."

That explained it satisfactorily, and they voted it a scholarly paper.—*W. R. C. in St. Paul Dispatch*.

A Happy Thought.

"Madam," said the caller, "I have here a patent improvement on a washing-machine, and—"

"Don't show it to me," she said, sharply; "I don't need it and I won't look at it."

"Strange!" he said, picking up the machine.

"Just as your husband said."

"What did he say?" she asked, suspiciously.

"Nothing," he answered. "He only said you were a crank, and wouldn't look at a diamond ring if somebody wanted you to. Said you were unreasonably contrary, and—"

"The old fool!" she snapped. "Let me see that machine."

"And," went on the agent, as he obeyed her, "he said you wouldn't buy anything from a peddler because you were swell-headed and tried to make people believe you were the wife of a millionaire and—"

"What is the price?" she almost shouted.

"Only \$5," said the agent, laughing. "And he said that—"

"Here's your five," she said, throwing the bill at him in her rage; "sorry it ain't ten. I'll spend every cent he has, the stingy old idiot! I'll show him if I'm proud and cranky and swell-headed! I'll break his face when—"

but the latter part of her remark was lost in the slamming of the door.

"Happy thought," muttered the agent, as he slid down the street. "There will be lots of joy when the old boy comes home tonight."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

An Oregon Dialogue.

The following amusing and instructive dialogue took place recently between the sheriff of this county and one of a squad of tramps recently committed to jail:

"Whence came you?"

"From a town in New York called Jerusalem."

"What's your business here?"

"To learn to subdue my appetite and to sponge my living from an indulgent public."

"Then you are a regular tramp, I suppose?"

"I am so recognized and accepted wherever I go."

"How can I recognize you as a tramp?"

"By the largeness of my feet and general carnivorous appearance."

"How do you know yourself to be a tramp?"

"In seeking food; by being often denied, but ready to try again."

"How gained you admittance to this town?"

"By means of my feet."

"How were you received?"

"On the end of a night policeman's billy, presented at my head."

"How did the policeman dispose of you?"

"He took me several times around the town to the south, east and west, where he found the city marshal, police judge and jailer, where a great many questions were asked."

"What advice did the judge give you?"

"He advised me to walk in upright, regular steps to the next town."

"Will you be off, or from?"

"With your permission, I'll be off p. d. q."

"Which way are you traveling?"

"The high-way."

"Of what are you in pursuit?"

"Time. I want to kill him."

"My friend," said the sheriff, "you are now at an institution where the wicked are always troublesome and the weary are as bad as the rest. You will now be conducted to the middle chamber by a flight of stairs consisting of five steps or more. Instead of corn, wine and oil,—the wages of the ancients,—yours will be bread and water for five days. When your company escapes from here, divide yourself into parties of three each and take a bee-line for Portland, where they run free soup-houses. Follow your guide and fear no danger—if you behave yourself."—*Pendleton (Ore.) East-Oregonian.*

A True Campaign Story.

They had a great time at a recent political meeting in a Western State. It was a Democratic blowout—large and enthusiastic. Just prior to the meeting two young men, bent on mischief and with no fear of campaign speakers, gained access to the attic with a loaded phonograph and prepared to make Rome howl. A large horn was attached to the instrument and rested on the floor, big end down, directly over a ventilator in the ceiling of the hall.

At last the hall was crowded to the doors, and time for speechmaking had arrived. Introductions followed and the orator of the evening, full of information and statistics, began to boom Bryanism.

"Rats! Rats!" exclaimed the phonograph. "What's the matter with McKinley? He's all right! Three cheers for McKinley! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

It was not a loud voice, but it was clear and persistent. Necks were turned in every direction, each man looking angrily at his neighbor. The chairman rapped, and a policeman was re-

quested to march the disturbing element from the hall.

Again the speaker broke forth, and once more he was interrupted by the story of how McKinley sought the bottom of the sea.

All was confusion in an instant. The orator stormed, the chairman pounded, the audience hunted for the so-called McKinleyite and longed to throttle him. "Put him out!" "Kill him!" "Mob him!" they cried; and all the while the ridiculous song was being turned off with lightning rapidity.

Finally the ballad ceased and the orator, with a wild and threatening look in his eyes, began to discuss the silver question. But he didn't get far. The thin little voice brought him up with a—

"What are you giving us? Hurrah for McKinley! You're not in it with him!" And then, to cap it all, the phonograph proceeded to announce in clear, shrill tones the speech that McKinley delivered at Canton the other day.

This was too much. The orator was knocked out and sat down, limp. Policemen searched the house in vain. When quiet reigned again, the chairman said that the meeting had been broken up by a mean, unprincipled, low-down Republican ventriloquist and would adjourn, but that the offender was well-known and would be punished forthwith.

As the audience arose to leave the hall the phonograph yelled, in good, rich Irish:

"Oh, but ye're daisies! It's foin quitters ye are! Oi'd strike, too, if Oi were yez! Ye're biscuits, ivery wan of ye! 'Rah for Mac! 'Rah for Mac!"

An Essay on Flies.

While the fly season is about over and the whole subject just a bit stale, the following from the Miles City (Mont.) *Yellowstone Journal* is so true to nature that it is worthy a place in these columns. The *Journal* says—seriously and editorially:

"For the average desk-worker, particularly if he be inclined to baldness, there is no more enjoyable recreation these days than to spread three or four sheets of tanglefoot fly-paper around one's desk and then lie back and watch the damphool flies get onto it. The same persistency that induces them to come back at you time after time after being brushed away, is what aids the fly-paper in its deadly work. They will come again, and are sure to get mired in the end. It is lots of fun to watch them. As soon as one gets caught by the toes, he starts his wings agoing and raises himself up so that his legs look like stilts and you would swear that he is going to get away; but he isn't. No such luck for him. He can't keep up the wing exercise very long,—probably a second or two,—and when he stops, he is winded; a few brief and abortive struggles mire him still deeper, and it generally ends in one desperate wrench that tips his flyship over on his beam ends and puts one of his wings into the glue. Then he is gone, and the spectator can turn his attention to a fresh arrival. Once in a while there comes a husky, big blue-bottle strong enough to pull all but his front legs clear; but these hold fast, and when the wings are brought into action he simply turns a summersault and lies down on his back, and that is the end of him. An attentive study of flies—as connected with fly-paper—for the past twenty-four hours has convinced the writer that they are the biggest fools in Christendom. A fly will march to certain death with all the stolidity of a Turk; but when you think that the fellow who is dancing his last jig before your eyes is probably one of a gang which, a short time before, persisted in playing leap-frog on your bald head, or made repeated attempts to explore the recesses of

your ear, you say 'let her go as she lays' and watch the deal out with perfect composure not unmixed with satisfaction. But it is a lamentable fact that, though you may slay thousands upon thousands, the visible supply is not perceptibly diminished. 'What's the good of anything, anyhow?'

Cold Tea and Vinegar.

A good story is told of a certain well-known citizen relative to a New Year's resolution which was broken. In want of a better name for the purposes of this story, his name shall be called Smith. The evening before New Year's, Smith and several of his friends agreed to abstain from all manner of malt and intoxicating liquors for one year, but the resolution was made under peculiar circumstances and was taken as a good deal of a dare by Smith; he resolved merely because the other fellows did, and, being a politician, he could not afford to be interested in an unpopular movement. That being a popular resolution he acceded to the will of the majority out of force of habit, trusting to the future to point out a way of escape.

When Smith went home, that evening, he told his wife that he had sworn off looking at the wine when it was red, and she was delighted accordingly. But a few evenings afterward Mrs. Smith noticed that the wine in the decanters on their private sideboard was disappearing. She did not suspect her husband for a minute, but accused the servants. They denied it, one and all. Finally she took the girl off in a corner and demanded to know who had been drinking the wine. The girl protested that she new nothing about it, but her looks belied her statement and the girl finally broke out with:

"Oh! Mrs. Smith, I can't tell you; it would hurt your feelings."

"You don't mean to say—to say that it is—it was Mr. Smith?" gasped Mrs. Smith.

"Yes; it's Mr. Smith," answered the girl, and she hung her head.

Mrs. Smith was sorely distressed, but she hit upon a plan to discover the truth for herself. She knew that it had previously been the habit of her husband to take a "nip" every morning immediately upon getting up, and she determined to watch him. However, to carry her point a little further, she poured the wine out of the decanters and put vinegar in one and cold tea in the other.

The next morning, when Mr. Smith arose he went downstairs, and a minute later Mrs. Smith slipped on a dressing-gown and followed noiselessly. She arrived just in time to see her husband lifting a glass of cold tea to his lips.

"Just what I thought!" declared Mrs. Smith.

"You're at it again!"

Smith was embarrassed for a minute, but, putting on a bold front, he exclaimed:

"I'm going to drink this if I want to; it won't hurt me!"

And he swallowed the cold tea. Again he looked embarrassed, but it was only for a minute. Then, pouring out a glass of the vinegar, he said:

"Now, you think you have a joke on me, don't you? Well, cold tea won't hurt me, either!"

In his excitement and nervousness he swallowed about three fingers of the vinegar, which brought the tears to his eyes despite his efforts to keep them back. This was too much for Smith, and seizing his hat he hurried from the house. He was gone until evening, and when he came home he hardly knew what to do with himself. But his wife was charitable enough to let the matter drop, merely remarking, casually:

"Tom, the wine in the decanters is all right now."—*Seattle Times.*



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, NOVEMBER, 1896.

OUR STATE IMMIGRATION BUREAU.

The Minnesota State Immigration Bureau, established last winter as a result of the important Northwestern Immigration Convention held in St. Paul in November last, has done good work. Secretary Groat, under the direction of President Schurmeier, has circulated widely the most practical, compact and interesting document on the natural resources, climate and industrial advantages of the State, ever issued. This document is in the form of a map folder, containing a good country and railroad map of the State and a mass of carefully digested and intelligently arranged information of precisely the character calculated to attract new settlers. The bureau occupies attractive and accessible quarters on Jackson Street, in St. Paul, and is the favorite resort of men from all parts of the State who are engaged in the work of selling lands, locating settlers and otherwise promoting the immigration movement.

All the money thus far expended in maintaining the bureau has come from the subscriptions of two railroad companies and a few public-spirited citizens of St. Paul. These citizens have no business ends to gain from the movement, and are actuated in contributing to the funds of the association solely by their desire to build up the State of Minnesota. Their idea is to carry the work of the bureau along until it can be submitted to the Legislature next January and an application be made, on the merit of what has actually been accomplished, for its continuance under the authority of the State government.

A State immigration convention will no doubt be convened next winter by President Schurmeier, composed of delegates from all the counties. At this meeting reports will be presented showing the number, nationality and

avocations of new settlers that have come into the State during 1896, and their distribution by counties or Congressional districts. There will also, no doubt, be a fuller presentation than has ever been made before of the different regions of Minnesota which now offer the most attractive fields for farming settlement, and also of special opportunities for manufacturing and other industries. Preparations for this convention should be begun at once. It should be a thoroughly representative gathering of enterprising, public-spirited men who have already borne their full share of the noble work of converting, in a single generation, a wilderness into a magnificent commonwealth of more than a million and a half of people.

WHEAT IS UP.

The recent strong advance in the price of wheat is a matter of great interest to all our readers in the great Northwestern wheat-belt and in the important wheat-growing regions of Washington and Oregon. The gain from the lowest range of prices is already over twenty per cent. All indications lead to the belief that this gain will be maintained throughout the winter and spring. Probably we shall see higher prices in May than the highest yet reached. An advance of twenty per cent in the price of the chief staple of the Northwestern States, means a great deal of money for this region. The upward movement appears to have no speculative impulse behind it. There is no corner on boards of trade. The whole gain is attributed to an unexpected shortage in the world's wheat supply. The harvests of the present year have not yielded as largely as was anticipated. In the first place, the last winter's crop in the Argentine Republic, where our winter months constitute the summer season, was considerably less in volume than that of the preceding year. Then the crop of Southern Russia and of the Danube countries did not come up to the estimates. The last India crop was a partial failure, on account of drought. Our own Northwestern wheat-crop proved to be considerably lighter than that of the previous year, and, while not exactly a short crop, was certainly not better than an average one. Taking the whole wheat-producing field together, the falling off from estimates made last summer is sufficiently great to warrant the recent rise in prices. How long this advance will be maintained, is, of course, a matter of conjecture only. Everything will depend upon the volume of next year's crop. Until that crop is harvested, no causes are likely to operate which will lower the present prices.

It is too late, now, to point out any political lessons that may be found in the advance of wheat. The old law of supply and demand has got in its work—that is all. People who imagine that the recent low range of prices of wheat was occasioned by some fault in our money system, have had occasion to do a little fresh thinking. No well-informed man ever believed that wheat went down because of the fall in the price of silver, but there are some millions of people in the United States, who take their opinions from partisan newspapers and political orators, that shared this curious delusion. They will probably have recovered from it by the time this article is in print. One of the stories of the late campaign was of the man who, on being told that the law of supply and demand regulated the price of all products, replied that his party would see to it that that law was repealed as soon as it got in power. Now that the law of supply and demand is working to raise prices, that sort of shallow-pated fellows will not want to have it repealed. It is only when natural laws do not work their

way, that people imagine that the remedy can be found in legislation. It was said long ago by a wise English statesman, that you cannot make men virtuous by an act of parliament. There still seem to be a good many people, however, who imagine that men can be made rich by act of Congress.

THE NEW NORTHERN PACIFIC BOARD.

The board of directors of the new Northern Pacific Railway Company, which has purchased the property and franchises of the old Northern Pacific Railroad Company, excepting the lands east of the Missouri River, has been named by the voting trust under the plan of reorganization and is as follows:

Edward D. Adams, Charles H. Coster and Robert Bacon, of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co; Charlemagne Tower, Jr., of Philadelphia; Robert M. Galloway, president of the Merchants' National Bank; Eben B. Thomas, D. Willis James, Francis Lynde Stetson, Edwin W. Winter, Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railway Company; Dumont Clarke, president of the American Exchange National Bank; Brayton Ives, John D. Rockefeller, James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, and Walter G. Oakman, president of the Guaranty Trust Company. On October 26 this new board of directors elected officers for the ensuing year. They are:

Chairman of the board of directors, Edward D. Adams, New York; president, Edwin W. Winter, St. Paul; vice-president, George C. Gorham, Washington, D. C.; comptroller, John Scott, St. Paul; secretary, Charles F. Coaney, New York; assistant secretary, George H. Earl, St. Paul; treasurer, Albert E. Little, New York; assistant treasurer, C. A. Clark, St. Paul.

The personnel of the new board is a matter of considerable interest to the people of the seven States and two British Provinces in which the Northern Pacific does business. Edward D. Adams, the chairman, is comparatively a new man among the railway magnates of Wall Street, but he has grown up from a boy among the leaders in the world of finance, and has for some time been recognized as a strong force. He formerly belonged to the old banking-house of Winslow, Lanier & Co., and in recent years has represented the interests of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin in the Northern Pacific and in other large American investments. His new appointment is a recognition of the ability he displayed in the executive work of reorganizing the Northern Pacific. Charles H. Coster is one of the partners in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and is known in Wall Street as a financier of unusual sagacity. Robert Bacon is also associated with the great Morgan interests. Charlemagne Tower is a Philadelphian, an old Northern Pacific man, and is heavily interested in iron mining in Minnesota. The town of Tower was named in his honor. Francis Lynde Stetson is a member of one of the great New York law firms that transact a good deal of business for J. P. Morgan & Co. He is regarded as one of the ablest corporation lawyers in the metropolis.

Edwin W. Winter, of St. Paul, needs no introduction to our readers. He is the new president of the Northern Pacific, and is the only Western man on the board. Samuel Spencer is president of the Southern Railway Company and is regarded in New York as an expert on all matters concerning railway management and finances. Brayton Ives has been for many years interested in the Northern Pacific, and was president of the company during the period of the receivership. Robert M. Galloway, formerly connected with the Manhattan Elevated Road and now president of the Merchants'

National Bank, is a friend of Brayton Ives and was his choice for one of the receivers at the time McHenry and Bigelow were appointed at one end of the line and Burleigh at the other. The names of E. B. Thomas, Willis James, James Stillman, Walter Oakman and Dumont Clarke are well known in Wall Street circles. Everybody knows all that there is to be said about John D. Rockefeller, the great Standard Oil millionaire. He originally came into Northern Pacific affairs during the Villard regime, on account of his heavy interests in Wisconsin Central and in the Chicago terminal companies.

The new Northern Pacific board is a very strong one financially and strong, too, in its knowledge of the history of the road and of its capabilities for future development. It is needless to say that the power behind it, but not in it, is J. Pierpont Morgan, who, with his accustomed genius for large movements in the field of railway finance, carried through to success the reorganization plan.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY.

There are two open questions concerning the true boundary between Alaska and the British Possessions which must soon be determined by agreement with the British government. The first affects certain placer-mining camps along the Yukon and depends upon the exact location of the 141st meridian west of Greenwich. The line just reported by the Canadian surveyor, Mr. Ogilvie, is practically identical, save for a few hundred yards, with that located in 1891 by our own surveyor, Mr. McGrath; so that this question presents no real difficulties. To put up boundary-posts would only be a matter of astronomical surveys made by a joint commission representing the two governments. It is a noteworthy fact that the American miners, who are likely to find their claims in Canada instead of in the United States, as they supposed when they located them, are rather pleased than otherwise to come under the British flag. The reason is that the niggardly policy of Congress towards Alaska has failed to provide any machinery of civil government in the remote regions of the Yukon. There are no land titles to be had, and the only law administered is such as the miners themselves enforce through the terrors of Judge Lynch. Canada, on the other hand, follows up her people with the strong arm of her government, and, throughout, that admirable organization of a semi-military and semi-judicial character, the Northwestern Mounted Police, maintains order in the remotest regions. Besides, the Canadian mining laws are just and liberal and are enforced without fear or favor. It is a disgrace to this great nation that a vast region like Alaska, abounding in natural wealth, should so long be left without a civil organization sufficient for the protection of life and property.

The other boundary question is one of a much more serious character. It involves a considerable part of the long, narrow seacoast strip of the Territory. The Canadians claim that the true meaning of the old boundary convention between Great Britain and Russia, which provides, in rather general terms, that the line should be drawn along the highest peaks of the main range of mountains, is that it should not follow the watershed divide, but should be run from one isolated peak to another along the Coast. This would deprive us of large bays and inlets and their shores, and practically confine us to the islands and a few promontories and peninsulas that jut out from the mainland. The contention is absurd, but it may cause trouble. It was evidently the intent of the treaty that the divide from which the waters run eastward to the Yukon and westward to

the ocean should be the boundary. Russia always acted on this interpretation, and Great Britain never offered any objection. It is the Dominion government that now sets up the preposterous claim of right to crowd us off the mainland of Southern Alaska.

TRAINING DOGS FOR BEAR.

Several persons in this region, states the *Portland Oregonian*, have an ambition to own a pack of dogs trained to hunt bear and to find them, and to be capable of "attracting their attention" and holding them until the hunters come up. There is a man out on the Scholl's Ferry road, not many miles from the city, who has such a pack of dogs. He had a bear, not exactly tame, to practice them on, and many a lively tussle the bear and the dogs had, the owner of the animals taking care that neither the dogs nor the bear got much the worst of it. These little turn-ups were greatly enjoyed by the dogs, and even the bear seemed to look upon them as a sort of agreeable variety in his rather monotonous life. A while since the man had occasion to go to Spokane, to be absent several days. During his absence the dogs got lonesome and concluded to "play" with the bear. They managed to break into the inclosure where he was kept, and, as there was no one to restrain them, they determined to play the play out. When the man arrived home, a day or two since, he found the carcasses of two of his dogs in the bear pen, but the bear was gone. The other dogs, some seven in number, were limping around, more or less scratched and torn, but nowhere could the bear be found. The bear's chain and collar were there, and, after searching around for a while, the larger bones of the bear and patches of his skin were found scattered about the place. The dogs had killed him and eaten him, and now they are looking around for more. That is the way to train bear-dogs.

THE STAMPEDE.

In the misty East afar,
There are shafts of pearly gray
That dim the morning star
And tell of the coming day;
And, ever so far away,
Where the day and night are one,
A moving throng is coming along
From the land of the hidden sun.

A frenzied and seething mass,
Urged on by resistless fear,
They trample the prairie grass,
Now green in the spring of year;
And as they distinct appear,
The powdery dust rolls high,
And fades in the gloom of the dome-like room—
The void twixt the earth and sky,—

The leader a stallion black,
Foam-flecked from neck to flank;
And far—and still further back,
They follow in broken rank.
And the ceaseless and rhythmic clank
Of a thousand hoofs on sward,
Rings out like the chime of a haunting rhyme
From the lyre of an ancient bard.

They pass like a troubled dream—
O'er billowy hill and swale,
And their fainting hoof-beats seem
Like the dying throes of a gale;
And down in the East there, pale,
Is the light that bespeaks the day,
While over the ground comes the regular sound
That rises and dies away.

The day comes on apace,
The frightened herd is gone,
And over the earth's fair face
Steals the light of another dawn;
And backward is faintly borne
The sound of their maddened flight,
As many abreast in the far off West,
They follow the flying night.

J. B. RICE.

Written for *The Northwest Magazine*.



An Inspiring Book.

Horatio W. Dresser, author of the "Power of Silence," a work which commanded wide attention about a year ago from thoughtful people, has just issued another book in the same vein of lofty philosophy. It is entitled "The Perfect Whole, an Essay on the Conduct and Meaning of Life." If the author were to be classified in any ancient school of philosophy, he might be called a Platonist; if ranked with a modern school, he would be regarded as a follower of Emerson. The purpose of the present volume is to point out the secret of happiness, by which the author means, not the life of outer sensations, but the great inner joy and peace of finding one's self in harmony with the Universal,—that is to say, with God. The secret of happiness, he says, is to cease the restless activity, a pursuit which causes the unhappiness of finite life, and recognize that which is eternally with us. The intellect must be convinced of the supremacy and sufficiency of the Spirit. He goes on to say in his preface that, "broadly defined, the purpose of this book is three-fold, psychological, metaphysical, and practical. As a psychological analysis, it is especially concerned with the higher or spiritual nature of man. As a philosophical discussion, it aims to develop a generally sound view of reality by a consideration of materialism, agnosticism, and mysticism, in the light of their shortcomings when compared with the demands both of reason and the spiritual sense. It points out many important distinctions essential to a just view of life, and indicates the dangers of pantheism and of all one-sided conceptions of the universe. In its practical aspect it urges the same need of breadth and discrimination which it finds essential to a sound doctrine of reality. It is an urgent appeal to life, a plea for the realization of ethics, and the application of spiritual law in every moment of existence. But its threefold purpose and its individual confessions of faith are alike subservient to the one central idea for which it stands,—the unity of all that exists in an ultimate spiritual reality. In ways we know not, and in moments when we least expect it, the Spirit makes its presence known in the soul."

The essence of Mr. Dresser's philosophy of the "Perfect Whole," is that there is and could be but one ultimate, omnipresent and eternal Reality, the beginning, substance and completion of all that exists, absolutely omniscient and self-subsistent,—the living God; and that from this ultimate source, yet still within and never independent of it, all things and beings proceed. Man, the individualized manifestation of the perfect life, is thus in reality part of the Whole, whence he derives all that he is, all that he thinks and feels. The slightest thought, the most mysterious experience, the hardest task, therefore, bear some relation to the perfect life of the All. There is no absolute error, no unmixed evil, and no unknowable Thing-in-itself; for, whatever exists, bears some relation to the one Reality, and is therefore intelligible. The one great essential in human life is to become deeply conscious of the eternal relationship of the individual soul to the Perfect Whole, to co-operate with the uplifting spirit within, and thus to attain peace, equanimity and life through willing service and obedience, and through comprehensive thinking and many-sided development.

Mr. Dresser's book is published by Mr. George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston; price, \$1.50



THE shipment to India last month of 10,000 tons of California wheat, is an event unparalleled in the history of Pacific commerce. For centuries, India fed her own teeming population. In the matter of breadstuffs she was sufficient unto herself. Then, when railroads penetrated her vast interior plains and her foot-hills' region lying at the base of the Himalayas, she began to export wheat to Europe. This export movement, although not very great in total quantity, seemed to help overload the markets of Liverpool, already sufficiently supplied from North and South America, from Russia and from the Danubian countries, and accelerated the downfall of prices. The Indian ryot, working for ten cents a day, competed with the harvest hands and plowmen of our Northwestern fields, who get from \$1.50 to \$2 a day. Last spring the Indian wheat-crop was a practical failure, owing to drought. Nevertheless, a good deal of wheat was shipped to Europe; but it turns out that there was not enough kept in the country to feed the people until harvest comes again in March. Hence the California shipments. Of course, this new condition is not a durable one. It helps, however, to push up the price of wheat all over the world.

It turns out that Dr. Nansen's tough little ship, the *Fram*, which successfully withstood all the poundings and squeezings of the great polar ice-floes, was built wholly of Puget Sound fir. Four years ago, when Nansen was making the plans for his vessel, he concluded that the Douglas fir was the strongest and most durable timber in the world for his purpose. He gave an order to the Puget Sound Lumber Company, of Port Gamble, Washington, and the material was shipped to Norway by that concern. Speaking of the remarkable endurance of the *Fram*, after his return, Nansen said that she withstood the most terrible pressure and proved even stronger than had been hoped for, not a sign of a crack being shown when she was lifted out of her frozen bed by crushing ice as high as her bulwarks. Says Nansen: "After that experience I consider the *Fram* equal to anything in the way of pressure." The superiority of the Douglas fir for shipbuilding has long been recognized on the Pacific Coast, and now this timber is making its way in the East in competition with yellow-pine and oak. Nansen's experience with it ought to attract the attention of all shipbuilders. Its value for heavy timbers used in large buildings and for bridges is as great as for vessel construction. The enormous size of the fir-trees, and the contiguity of the fir forests to tide-water in extensive districts of both Washington and Oregon, make logging and saw-mill operations comparatively inexpensive. When business revives, there will be a great demand in Eastern markets for the stout fir lumber of our Pacific Northwest.

A good deal of talk and speculation has been current in the newspapers of Washington, since the visit of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern officials to that State, concerning the probability of the early building of a railroad to the Boundary Creek mining district. This district lies on both sides of the inter-

national boundary, west of the Columbia River and the Trail Creek District and east of the Okanagan Country. A number of good mines have recently been opened there. D. C. Corbin has been considering for some time a project for building a branch of his Spokane and Northern road into the district; but to do this he must get a Canadian charter, for his line would have to follow the valleys and cross the boundary, and the special privileges of the Canadian Pacific Company stand in the way. Under the old agreement with that company, made by the Dominion Government, no other road can build within twenty miles of the boundary, on Canadian soil, without the consent of the C. P. R. The recent hard times have prevented Mr. Corbin from pushing his project actively. The C. P. R. itself has a line marked out that is eventually to run through the Boundary Creek District. It leaves the main line of that road at Lethbridge, crosses the Rockies at the Crow's Nest Pass, runs through the Kootenai District and the Okanagan Country, and finally rejoins the main line about eighty-five miles west of Vancouver. There is also a local British Columbia scheme for building a road from Vancouver west to the Boundary mining district, which has progressed no farther than the paper stage. The new scheme talked of in Washington is for a road tapping both the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads running northward by way of the Okanagan Valley to the Boundary mines. This would give an outlet to the only remaining extensive district in the State now cut off from rail transportation, namely, the Okanagan Valley and the western part of the old Colville Reservation. This is a good, businesslike scheme.

A GRUESOME CHINESE CUSTOM.

The following description of a gruesome Chinese custom is told by the Ellensburg (Wash.) *Register*. After announcing the recent arrival from San Francisco of a celestial named Ah Chung, the *Register* goes on to say:

"Mr. Chung is a contractor in the employ of the great Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco. He entered into a contract eleven years ago to travel all over the United States and exhume the bones of Chinamen. All Chinamen who come to this country have a contract with the Six Companies that, in case of death, their bones shall be returned to the Flowery Kingdom, and Mr. Chung is the man who personally sees that the contract is carried out. He is entrusted with the task of keeping track of the dead Chinamen, taking their bones out of the grave and shipping them to China—the only place, according to their religion, where they can find absolute rest. As he is under \$30,000 bonds to do the work well, it is needless to say that he is careful. He brings two assistants from San Francisco who do the rough work. He had with him, when he came here, the names of four celestials, three of whom died here in 1889 and one in 1892. All of these will be exhumed and shipped, Dr. Gray, the health officer, having supplied a certificate that none died of contagious disease.

"His contract says that he must not get the bones mixed; that each individual set must be cleaned, put in a white muslin bag, and then be boxed securely for shipment across the Pacific. He is not allowed to cut, saw or break a bone, nor can he boil the bones to get the flesh off, on penalty of forfeiture of his bond. He says that three years serve to do away with the flesh, but they are generally allowed to remain in the grave longer than that in order to make sure of a clean job when he goes at it. Each set of bones is labeled, and a record is kept of them. All are shipped to San Francisco, and

when four tons have been collected they are put on a steamer and shipped. The Six Companies have a special contract with the steamship companies, and the cost of a ride across the great deep in this particular condition is only \$2.50, and the Company boasts that there has never been a kick on high rates!

"Mr. Chung's assistants aroused the four peaceful sleepers from their long rest, polished them up according to contract, and sent them on their way—if not rejoicing, at least according to contract."

GREAT GOLD MINES.

A person is never more surprised than when informed that the best paying gold mines in the world are those in which the ore never exceeds an average of \$10 per ton, for the masses of the people believe that the great gold mines produce \$200 to \$300 per ton. The Treadwell mine on Douglas Island in Alaska, which has paid a greater dividend to its owners and stockholders for the last seven years than any other mine in the world, has never exceeded \$6 per ton on an average for twelve months. The next great producing mine in the United States is the Homestake in the Black Hills, which yields an average of less than \$6 per ton. The Anaconda mine, at Butte, gives an average of \$12.60 per ton. The richest mines in South Africa do not exceed \$14 per ton.—*Snohomish (Wash.) Tribune*.

A PARAPHRASE.

[As thr. ough the land we went at eve
And plucked the ripened ears.—TENNYSON.]

As through the fields at eventide
We went, my wife and I,
As slowly through the fields we went,
My wife began to cry.
Our quarrel ended in hot words,
In hot words and in tears;
We wished to break the marriage vow
We'd kept throughout the years.
The corn was blooming in the ear;
A crow began to cawk;—
O prophet, bold and ominous!
Thy edict stern revoke.
We wandered toward our dead child's grave—
By chance it was, you say?
We wandered towards our first child's grave,
Let that be as it may.
I felt her hand slip into mine,—
Brave heart, you are forgiven!
Thus ever let us wander on,
Together enter Heaven.

A. JESSUP.

Written for *The Northwest Magazine*.

THE MYSTIC OCEAN.

Like ships on an unknown ocean,
Men cruise o'er the waves of life,
Each laden with silent sorrows,
Each racked in the swells of strife.
Some sink 'neath the sobbing billows,
Some, lost from the harbor lights,
Drift out in the fatal channel
Of dark and endless night.

But over the mystic ocean
The breezes of promise blow,
Bearing away the sadness,
Bringing new hopes that glow
Out on the gloomy ocean,
Out on the sea of souls,
Out where the fate-veils hover—
Out where the life-wave rolls!

FRANK CARLETON TECK.

Written for *The Northwest Magazine*.

TIME.

I am Time, the immortal, the young and the old.
The years drop like sand from the treasures I hold.
When the earth rose from darkness, I saw the first
light;

I see centuries passing like seconds in flight.
They call me the Father; but young I shall be,
When at last the earth passes, like mist from the sea.

NINETE M. LOWATER.

Written for *The Northwest Magazine*.



HOW TO SOLVE THE BRONCO PROBLEM.

It now looks as though General Freight Agent S. L. Moore, of the Northern Pacific Railway Co., has at last hit upon a way to clear Western ranges of the much maligned and now useless

horses which subsist by the thousands upon the succulent grasses of Montana, Idaho and Washington. These animals have been made cheap and useless by the trolley and the bicycle, until it is now difficult to dispose of them at any price. But Mr. Moore's scheme, if successful, will not only create a demand for range horses, but will also be the means of putting into circulation a large sum of money for the relief of North American horse owners. Speaking of his plan, Mr. Moore says:

"Five dollars and ten dollars a head is the price now asked for several hundred thousand horses roaming the Western plains, too valuable to be destroyed and too expensive to keep alive. These horses vary in weight from 750 pounds to 1,100 pounds each, and, as a rule, are branded on the hip or shoulder, or in some other conspicuous place, to prevent loss by theft or by going astray in stormy weather. Large droves of these horses are destined soon to be seen in various European countries as well as in the middle and Eastern States of our own country. About six weeks ago a lot were shipped from Washington to New York City and forwarded by steamer to Amsterdam, Holland, and another train-load was sent from Washington on Oct. 18 for the same destination. A train-load shipment has also been made to Greencastle, Indiana, at which point the broncos will be marketed. All cayuses and broncos for foreign shipment must pass a rigid health inspection in New York and at the receiving port in Europe. For a year or more the freight department of the Northern Pacific Railway has labored to find a market for the surplus of horses tributary to that line. A plant was established by several men at Portland, Ore., to slaughter some of these animals, but it did not succeed, for the reason that the European governments passed a prohibitive law against landing horse-meat in packages of any kind. This effectually shut out the horse-meat pickled and preserved in that city, and cut off an industry that promised to be very profitable to the enterprising proprietor, as well as a lasting benefit to horse-ranchers on the plains in providing a market for stock that is almost valueless for any other purpose.

"It is only a few years since that tales of adventure, reading like romance, were written about the capture and slaughter of magnificent specimens of wild horses in the extreme West, which were supposed to be descendants from animals escaped or abandoned during the Spanish conquests, some drifting to the North. It is different with these herds in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Washington; they are the abandoned results of enterprises which were projected on an extensive scale within the past ten or twelve years. Some of the finest horses in Europe were imported for breeding purposes, and on nearly all the cattle-ranches the work was carried on extensively. The early completion of the Northern Pacific afforded transportation facilities for reaching the markets in the Eastern and Middle States, and the great ranges, heretofore abounding in elk, deer and buffalo, were soon occupied by large droves

of horses, many of which were driven overland from Arizona, Texas and Mexico, to fatten on the nutritious buffalo or bunch-grass. Immense fortunes were made in this way, and cattle kings were numbered by the score; but when the electric device and cables for street-railway cars were adopted, profits gradually diminished until, instead of there being a gain, there was a constant loss. When the bicycle came into general use the industry received a fatal blow. Many who were in the habit of using saddle-horses, found that the bicycle did not require to be 'broke in,' nor did it require feeding and stabling, while in many respects the machine was capable of being applied to greater use than the horse.

"According to the Secretary of Agriculture, there are 1,500,000 horses between the Twin Cities and the North Pacific Coast in the States before mentioned. Several hundred thousand of these animals could be disposed of and not be missed; and, at an average price of \$7.50 per head, they would yield over \$2,000,000. This large sum, distributed among the ranches, would improve the condition of many and make them happy.

"The train-load now being shipped is, in a measure, experimental, the rail lines east of Chicago having refused to make a rate proportionate to the rate adopted by the lines west of Chicago. If the Central Traffic and Trunk Line Associations would apply cattle-rates on horses (worth about one-third as much as cattle), the success of the enterprise would at once be assured; but they have refused to apply less than their tariff rate for valuable horses, which is nearly fifty per cent in excess of the rate for cattle. Many of the individual lines are favorable to the proposition, and it is hoped that the association will reconsider the proposition for a reduction to a basis approximating the present cattle tariff, to apply on animals of low value in train-loads when destined for Europe. The ocean ships are provided with stationary pens for the safe handling of live stock, and all that remains to insure clearing the ranges of the cheap horses is the adoption of the rates proposed."

HEALTH IN THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

Summer-time in the desert region of Arizona, embracing the Salt and Gila valleys, is so little understood that it is not surprising that David R. McGinnis, in a very able article on "The Desert Cure for Consumption," recently published in this magazine, should make the following statement. After stating that "time will prove both of these regions great natural sanitariums," he goes on to say that "the only objection to them is their excessive temperature, often reaching above 100° for many months of the year, and the physical discomforts of living in such an arid, unpromising region."

He implies that the summers of the Great American Desert are unbearable, unhealthful and unendurable and that, if not impossible, life is, to say the least, unlivable with any degree of comfort and health during the summer months in this region of country. After a continuous residence of five years in Phoenix—which is situated in the center of the Salt River Valley—and an exhaustive study of this climate and its effects on the human body in health and disease, I wish to say that life here is not only livable but enjoyable during the summer months; and that we live more of life, as nature intended we should live it, than is lived elsewhere. Night and day are spent in the open air. The sky does for a covering at night, and by day the lawn, covered by a luxuriant carpet of grass and shaded by verdant trees, serves for parlor, dining-room and office. There is a keenness of enjoyment in the social life of the Arizona

evening with its balmy, dry and delicious air, which Northern people know nothing about.

The continuous life in the open air for nine months of the year (during the other three a tent will do for a covering), is fast raising up the healthiest, heartiest, sturdiest race of men and women on this continent, if not in the world. It gives us the lowest death-rate that can be shown by any country on the globe. Our annual death-rate for the last four years is but three-fourths of one per cent, and for the hot summer months but one-fourth of one per cent.

The reason why the heat conditions of this region are so little understood, is because the relative humidity, and the reading of the wet-bulb, or sensible thermometer, is not taken into account. To get at the actual heat conditions of any given place, one must compare the reading of the wet and dry-bulb thermometers with the relative humidity, and by so doing he can arrive at fairly accurate conclusions as to the real heat experienced. The facts are, that, during this last summer, all over the Eastern half of the United States the actual sensible heat for days and nights at a time ranged higher than in Phoenix. We had, for ten days in June, the highest temperatures ever experienced in the valley. The midday registration of the Government thermometer, for several days went up to 115°, on the streets reaching 120°, while the sensible or wet-bulb thermometer only registered 71° to 73°, according to the percentage of relative humidity present. This ranged from seven to thirteen per cent. We had but one day last summer when the sensible heat, as indicated by the wet-bulb thermometer, reached as high as 76°, and on that day the relative humidity was twenty-seven per cent, with a dry or metallic-bulb temperature of 104°. The relative humidity rarely goes above the twenties, and is generally below fifteen per cent, and often between five and ten per cent. In this dry, hot air one perspires copiously, and if clad in the lightest linen or cotton fabric, evaporation is instant and cooling. The farmer or mechanic never thinks of stopping work on account of heat; in fact, he feels the heat less than does the clerk in the office. In this desert region the air is so dry that the heat does not depress, but rather stimulates.

That the summer months are, in most cases, healthful, and the ones in which the average invalid makes his greatest gain, I have demonstrated beyond all doubt. The past summer I have had a number of patients who, on my earnest recommendation, have stayed through the whole of it, and their improvement has been phenomenal. This is so with the majority of people. They feel better, enjoy more of life, and are actually in better health than during the remainder of the year. This is particularly so during the first half of summer.

In many cases it is best to take a month or so of vacation, and I think this will apply to any locality. The length of the summer is the only drawback, but if any disadvantage can be perceived, it is in respect to only a small percentage of our population.

That our winter climate is perfection itself, is conceded by all who have ever experienced it; the greatest travelers, and those who have had the widest range of experience as health-seekers, admit that it cannot be equaled in the world. Whitelaw Reid, and many others nearly as well known, may be called as witnesses. It is our summer climate that we wish the people to understand and appreciate; and, when we have accomplished this, the Salt River Valley region will speedily become the Mecca of the health-seeker, and of him who wishes to escape the cold and damp weather of the Eastern States.

W. L. WOODRUFF, M. D.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The Story of a Great Mill.

Fifty miles almost due south of St. Paul is the City of Faribault, the metropolis of Rice County and one of the most prosperous towns in Southern Minnesota. It is in Faribault that the well-known Sheffield Milling Company makes its home, whose brand-new plant is represented in the accompanying illustration. The construction of this large mill was probably the biggest undertaking of the kind attempted in the Northwest this year. It has a daily capacity of 1,000 barrels, and takes the place of the company's old mill that was destroyed by fire on the third of November, 1895. The new mill is a brick structure 65x100 feet in dimensions and five stories high. A glance at the illustration will show that the building is substantial and of commanding appearance. So far as the mill's equipment is concerned, it is the best that money could buy or modern ingenuity devise. It was furnished by the Edward P. Allis Company of Milwaukee. From top to bottom the machinery, apparatus, etc., represent the latest improved mill-furnishings. There is no machinery in the basement except the main line shaft, with the pulleys which drive the rolls and convey power to the upper

stories, about the only other contents being the elevator boots. The roller floor contains twenty-two double 9x30 Allis rolls, arranged all on one side of the building, leaving considerable space unoccupied for further additions whenever desired. The second story, or the one immediately above the roller floor, is devoted mainly to spouting, the only machinery here being the fan and dust-collector for roller suction. On the third floor are one No. 6 Barnard & Leas receiving separator, one No. 4 Eureka scourer, five Reliance sieve purifiers with Wilson tubular dust-collectors, and forty-eight reels, including flour-dressers, centrifugals, round reel scalpels and perforated steel scalpels. On this floor are also a Barnard & Leas milling separator, a Eureka horizontal scourer and a complete line of Wilson tubular dust-collectors for the cleaning machines.

The packing department and the wheat storage are contained in a separate part of the building, on one side of the mill proper, and extending to the same height. The line of flour-packers is on the first floor of this building, which corresponds to the roller floor in the mill proper, the flour-bins being immediately above the packers. There is quite a large amount of

space on this floor for the handling and storage of flour. The bran-packers are on the next floor, with the bran-bins above them in the top of the building, the bins for cleaned wheat being located across one end of this part of the building.

The mill is constructed throughout with a view to permanence and the doing of business expeditiously and with the greatest economy in effort and expense. The stories are high and airy, the machinery is placed with thorough system, and the employees have ample room to pass through and about the apparatus. There is a separate apartment for the flour and bran-packing, with large storage connected, and freight cars can be run up to the very door for discharging wheat or loading flour and offal. Both the Milwaukee and the Minneapolis & St. Louis roads have sidetracks to the mill, affording it the amplest shipping facilities.

The plant is provided with both water and steam-power. The former is derived from a chain of lakes, forming a reservoir capable of holding a very large supply of water. The right to so employ these lakes, and to take advantage of the required flowage, comes from a legislative act in early days, some \$50,000 having been spent in acquiring the necessary lands. The power is improved by a very substantial and durable dam, and the fall is of good height.

Steam-power is supplied from a new 500-horsepower cross compound condensing Reynolds-Corliss engine, a part of the plant in which the Edward P. Allis Company takes particular pride. During a large portion of the year the mill can be operated wholly by water, but the company considered it good policy to put in a thoroughly modern engine, and, equipped as it is with both water and steam, the mill is in a position to run with as low cost for power as any mill in the country.

A mill is a hollow mockery without wheat, and to provide this cereal the company has the



THE SHEFFIELD MILLING COMPANY'S NEW PLANT AT FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA.

150,000-bushel elevator at Faribault, shown in the cut, and immense deliveries from farmers who haul their grain to the mill doors. Besides this the company has ten elevators at different points in the country, and the Messrs. Sheffield are also interested in the Crown Elevator Company, which, with headquarters in Minneapolis, operates a line of thirty-five grain houses in Minnesota and the Dakotas. There is therefore no lack of facilities for getting wheat from which to manufacture the company's well-known brands of flour, of which the "Gold Mine" brand is the most famous.

The plant is some distance from Faribault's business center—at a point where the company owns twenty-two acres of land, and some fifteen houses which are rented to mill employees. Barrels are made on the premises, and the plant is complete in every respect. With large capacity, cheap power, able and economical management, competent millers and ample shipping facilities for securing and holding patronage East, West, or in foreign parts, the Sheffield Milling Company occupies a leading position among the flour producers of this great flour State.

Benjamin B. Sheffield, the director and manager of this large property, was born at Aylesford, N. S., Dec. 23, 1860, and is, therefore, still in the prime of life. When he came to Minnesota he was four years old. After attending the public schools in Faribault he pursued his studies five years longer at the celebrated Shattuck Military School in that city, from which institution he was graduated in 1880. In this same year he joined his father, M. B. Sheffield, in the milling business and managed the Walcott mill until it burned in Nov., 1885. During this time he developed the mill's capacity from eighty barrels per day to 1,000 barrels, an output which the company's patronage absorbed easily. He is president and chief stockholder of the Security Bank in Faribault, has been president of the city council two terms and mayor of Faribault twice, and is highly respected by all who know him.

The Sheffield Milling Company is incorporated and has a paid in capital of \$250,000. M. B. Sheffield is president, B. B. Sheffield treasurer and manager, and A. Blodgett, Jr., D. W. Grant and E. R. Thatcher, are directors. Prosperity has followed the company's operations continuously, and it is regarded as one of the strongest corporations in Southern Minnesota.

Visiting a Diamond Broker.

From the time that kings and noblemen sought financial relief from jewelers and diamond brokers down to the present day, the greatest interest has attached to men who deal in precious wares and who find, perhaps, fascinating employment in advancing temporary loans on the gems of the land. It was a bit of this curious interest which led the writer to call at Lytle's Diamond Parlors recently,—those conveniently located rooms at 411 Robert Street, in St. Paul. Mr. Lytle enjoys the distinction of being the leading jewelry and diamond broker in the Northwest, and about him clings a good deal of interesting history. He came to Minnesota in 1870 and established the Bank of Glenwood at the town of that name in Polk County. Continuing in that business until 1874, he then came to St. Paul and entered business circles as a jeweler and diamond broker at 41 Jackson Street. He was always a firm believer in the efficacy of honest advertising, and in those days he did a large amount of it. Doubtless his name is known from St. Paul to the Coast, for his patrons then, as now, came from far and near. A growing reputation led to rapid increase of fortune, and in 1886, made comfortable by a rent-roll that amounted to at



VISITING A DIAMOND BROKER.—A VIEW IN LYTLE'S DIAMOND PARLORS, ST. PAUL.

least one thousand dollars per month, he retired from active pursuits and gave his attention to his property interests.

But it was not long before Mr. Lytle made the discovery that he was too young a man to retire from the world of business, and that comparative inactivity is about the hardest work a man of energy and enterprise can engage in. And thus it was that, when the hard times came and his rent-roll began to grow less voluminous, he again opened a brokerage office and once more invited public patronage. Speaking upon this subject, he said:

"I find that I cannot be satisfied out of business. It is more restful than idleness—more healthful, too, and I expect to remain in harness to the end of my life."

Many are the rare gems that have passed through this broker's hands—many are the treasures wrought in gold that he stored for safe keeping during a period of time which found some of the best of his fellow-men in sore straits for ready funds. But all this history is locked in his own breast. No man transacts business more conscientiously, and the assertion is ventured that no broker in the country is more deserving of public esteem and confidence. Mr. Lytle is a courteous gentleman, has a spacious and well appointed office, and his excellent character and large property holdings entitle him to a large measure of that respect which is always accorded to personal responsibility.

Upholstery Suggestions.

This is the season of year when one turns with a feeling of relief to such a firm as Schroeder & Dickinson, the well-known upholsterers, mattress and furniture-makers, renovators, etc., at No. 16 East Sixth Street, St. Paul. It is a good time to have one's old furniture made over into something new, neat and stylish, and it is always in season to have one's feathers and carpets renovated and to provide new mattresses of hair, moss, fiber, cotton and all cheaper grades—goods that Schroeder & Dickinson manufacture and sell under their personal guarantee. They are noted upholsterers. Their assortment of coverings for couches, lounges, easy chairs, divans,

etc., and their large stock of all kinds of drapery goods, embracing silks, damasks, plushes, corduroys, leathers, and furniture tapestries of every description, together with upholstery supplies, such as twines, cords, nails and tickings, make their house St. Paul headquarters for all goods in these lines. It would be a good plan to visit them before the holiday season rolls around.

Millinery from Paris.

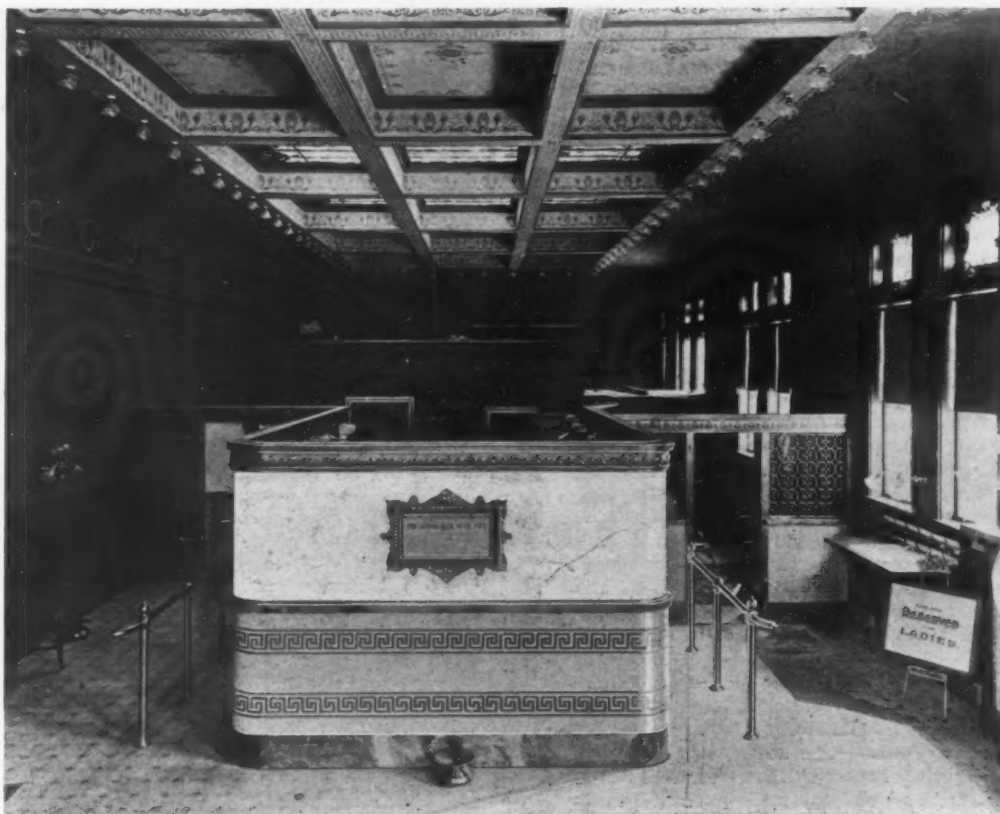
Among the many elegant millinery stores in St. Paul, none is more attractive than the establishment of the Harris Millinery Company at 50 East Sixth Street. In a room that is 35x75 feet in dimensions, one entire side of which is resplendent with plate-glass mirrors, is seen as lovely an exhibit of fashionable millinery as St. Paul can boast. There is a large assortment of French hats, and complete stocks of all modish trimmings. This company was formerly located at 26 East Third Street, and it has done business in this city ten years. It is the best trade that is wanted, and in order to attract patrons to the new parlors the manager is now offering the finest millinery in St. Paul at remarkably alluring figures.

A Good Example to Follow.

Here is a bit of Oregon experience that will do to hang up as an object lesson before farmers in all Northwestern States. The *Monitor*, published in Mitchell, Crook County, says that J. W. Armstrong, a farmer who lives near that town, has demonstrated this season the value of what is termed small farming. He has only a small amount of land in cultivation, but will cut fifty-five tons of hay, have 400 to 500 bushels of potatoes, a large amount of beets, carrots, turnips, etc., besides forty or fifty bushels of apples and a partial crop of plums and prunes. But his best-paying crop has been a patch of red raspberries, covering nine square rods of ground, from which he picked and sold 857 pounds of berries, receiving therefor \$35, besides those used on his own table. It is a pretty certain thing that farmers can get along all right anywhere in the Northwest if they will only do the proper amount of thinking and planning.

A Bank that has Many Patrons. □

In 1867, when St. Paul was yet a mere village, a few public-spirited citizens organized and incorporated what is now one of the city's leading financial institutions, the Savings Bank of St. Paul. Those men were General H. H. Sibley, ex-Governor W. R. Marshall, John S. Prince, Charles McIlrath and Lorenzo Allis. The first named was president, the second vice-president and the third cashier. The other gentlemen were trustees. For years past this bank was located at the corner of Fifth and Jackson streets, but the necessity for larger and more conveniently arranged quarters became so pressing that, early in the summer of 1896, a handsome building was constructed for the bank at the corner of Sixth and Cedar streets, and it is in this building that the Savings Bank of St. Paul now makes its home. While it is not a towering structure, it is distinctly ornamental and is exceedingly pleasing to the eye. The white front presents an appearance that is altogether classical. Add to this a wealth of plate glass and an attractive entrance, and you have the exterior view of a banking-house that is still more attractive within. The accompanying illustrations, fine as they are, scarcely do justice to the perfection of the interior arrangements. Every aid that modern architecture and mechanism could call into service has been utilized. The designer evidently gave as much consideration to the convenience and comfort of patrons as to the bank officials and employees. Beauty and utility vie with each other. The frontage of thirty feet on Sixth Street by ninety feet on Cedar,



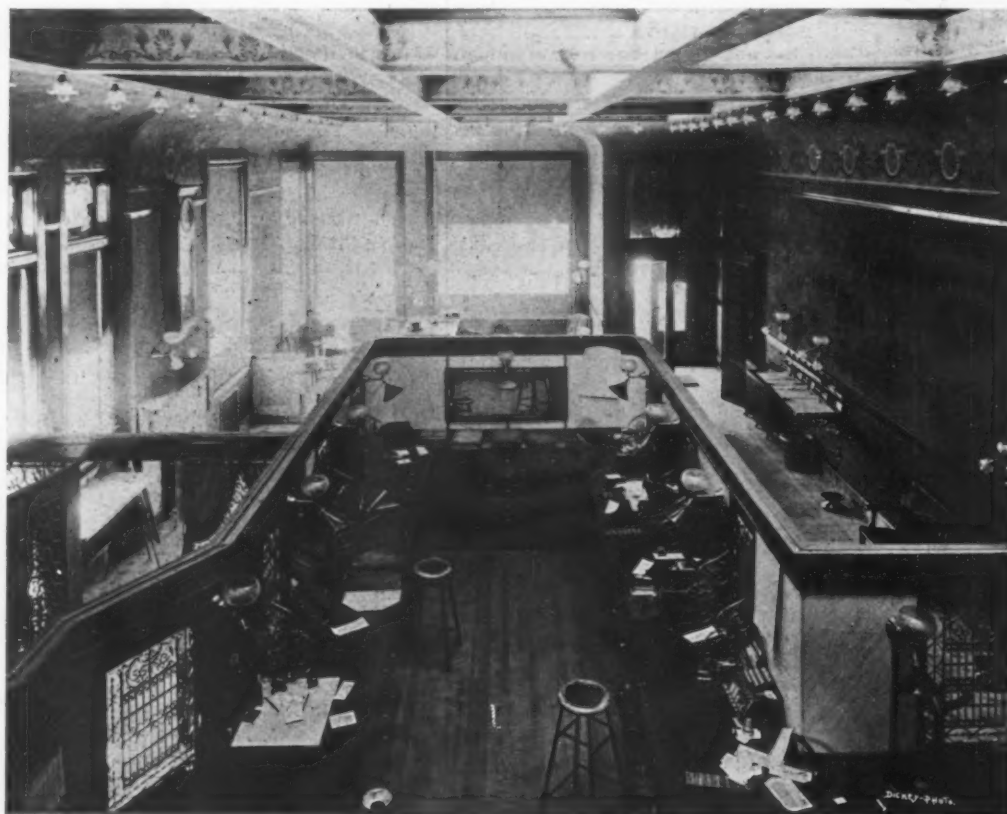
SAVINGS BANK OF ST. PAUL AS SEEN FROM ENTRANCE.

affords a large floorage space—which is thoroughly illuminated by the large plate windows and a roof that is composed entirely of artistically stained glass. The general effect is Venetian. There is a tile flooring, and the walls are of a delicate orange hue. All the wood used in the finishing of the interior, is oak. The bank

officials occupy the front portion of the room, while the counting-room proper, composed of a mosaic base surmounted by elegantly made copper railings, is in the center, a lobby being on either side. The space to the right is arranged especially for lady patrons of the bank and comprises all essential conveniences, such

as a paying and receiving teller's window and a cozy waiting-room, easy chairs, tables, toilet-room, toilet accessories, etc. Away to the rear is the directors' room. There is a cash vault, a book vault and a storage vault. The first consists of a steel-lined vault, burglar-proof safe and safe deposit-boxes. The steel lining of the vault is two inches thick and made of tempered chrome steel, the hardest metal known in the construction of burglar-proof work. The outer door to this vault is three inches thick, weighs nearly four tons, has a combination lock and a double chronometer-movement time lock, and is so constructed that no explosives can be introduced. Then there are other inner doors, and, inside of these, impregnable walls of steel and automatic burglar-proof safes—where the cash is kept. Massive steel grille work, with day gates, alarm bells, etc., afford additional security to the funds in this strong receptacle.

Since its organization in 1867, the Savings Bank of St. Paul has been a popular and well-patronized institution. Its present officers are trained business men who hold high rank in the financial and commercial circles of this city. Thomas A. Prendergast, the president, entered the bank as a messenger in 1868. After various promotions, in 1889 he was elected to the vice-presi-



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE SAVINGS BANK OF ST. PAUL.

dency. He held this position until September, 1895, when he was chosen president to take the place made vacant by the death of John S. Prince. The vice-president, John S. Prince, has virtually grown up with the bank. The cashier, Edward J. Meier, has been associated with the bank since 1874, was elected assistant cashier in 1887, and was advanced to the cashiership in 1889. The directorate of trustees include the above named gentlemen and Wm. Hamm, John Caulfield, J. C. Prendergast and John A. Stees. Deposits of \$1 are received, and interest is paid at the rate of four per cent, under the bank's rules, on all deposits of \$5 and upwards, interest being added to the principal semi-annually.

The Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy.

It is now generally known that the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy at 16 and 18 East Seventh Street, St. Paul, offers exceptional advantages to all who desire to perfect their knowledge of theoretical and practical pharmacy, chemistry, materia medica and their collateral branches. The object of the institute is to afford to persons who are in need of such pharmaceutical instruction, but who are unable to attend the more extended courses of a college of pharmacy, an opportunity to acquire such knowledge as shall enable them to pass the necessary examinations of the various State Boards of Pharmacy.

Prof. L. A. Harding, B. Sc., Ph. D., the director of the institute, is a member of the Minnesota State Board of Pharmacy, Minnesota State Pharmaceutical Association, American Pharmaceutical Association, Northwestern Microscopical Society, American Microscopical Society, German Chemical Association, and is an honorary member of the North Dakota Pharmaceutical Association, etc., etc.

Students from the States of Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Missouri have attended the institute—a fact which would seem to be a sufficient guarantee of its great popularity and the efficiency of the instruction given.

The plan of instruction pursued at the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy is closely related to the plan now used at the principal colleges of pharmacy—consisting of didactic lectures with a judicious amount of recitation and quizzing. All lectures are illustrated profusely with apparatus and by experiments of the most approved nature. The materia medica collection comprises all the official crude drugs, and a large number of unofficial drugs. It also includes a large variety of tinctures, F. E. elixirs, ointments, cerates, solutions and chemicals, all of which are used in first-class work. The museum embraces a collection of some 2,000 specimens.

The term extends over a period of three months. During the term 235 hours are devoted to the subjects of materia medica, chemistry and pharmacy, and seventy-eight hours to the practical instruction in the laboratory of pharmacy, where the various preparations of the U. S. P. are made, and the best methods of extemporaneous pharmacy are taught.

For practical work, all utensils and materials are furnished without extra charge. This work is under the direct supervision of the director, who is a practical pharmacist, and gives the students the benefit of his experience—that is, actual experience, and not the experience of some one else,—a point of great value to the student.

The text-books employed are named as follows: Remington's Pharmacy, Sayre's Materia Medica and Bartley's Chemistry, the cost of which is about ten dollars. Board and room cost from four dollars to five dollars per week, according to the accommodations desired.

Fees for the term are as follows: Pharmacy, chemistry and materia medica, \$10 each; practical pharmacy, \$25; all four branches, \$50, all fees being payable in advance. Students may take any or all branches of study, according to their requirements. A diploma, certifying to attendance and proficiency, will be conferred upon those who take the entire course.

The prosperity of the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy in the past, augurs well for its success in the future. The director, Professor Harding, is eminently qualified for his position, and he is held in high esteem throughout the Northwest because of his scientific attainments and great personal worth. It is not saying too much, to state that those who attend this institute will receive the full value of their time and money and take a long stride toward proficiency in the branches alluded to in this article. A catalogue will be sent free upon application to the director.

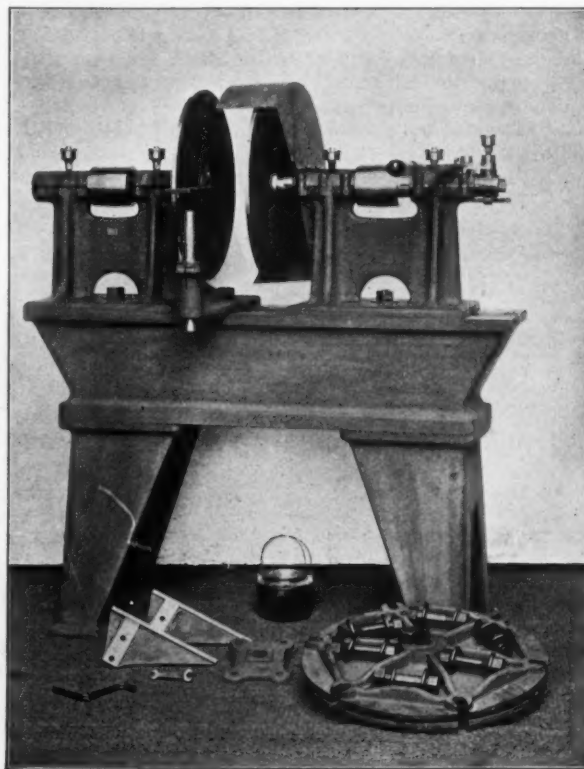
The Gardner Grinder.

The Gardner grinder, of which an illustration is given, is now being made with the two discs close together and parallel with each other. This new form of the Gardner grinder is adapted to grinding two faces which are opposite and parallel to each other, such as square-headed screws, washers, spanner-wrenches, etc. The work to be ground is placed between the disc wheels, one of which is movable. The work is held on a rest which is between the wheels. The movable wheel is then brought up, grinding the side next to it and also pressing the piece to the ground against the other wheel, which grinds the opposite face. The disc wheels are made from steel and are ground flat. Work can be ground true on the Gardner grinder to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. The cutting faces of the wheels are emery paper or cloth, which are glued on the steel discs and securely held in place by the spiral grooves on each face of the disc. The cutting surface of the emery cloth sinks into the spiral groove, thus forming a clearance for the particles of emery and iron to fall in, so that these particles do not roll between the cutting-face and the work and thus prevent the wheel from cutting. This feature, it is claimed, makes the Gardner grinder a faster cutter than any other grinder, and it will do from two to ten times the work of a solid wheel in the same time. With the parallel discs as many as 800 square-head set screws can be ground in an hour, grinding the four sides of each head and making the opposite sides parallel. This machine is sold by Charles H. Besly & Company, 10 and 12 Canal Street, Chicago, who will send full particulars upon application.

A Great Northwestern Product.

In the estimate of the official bulletin issued by the National Wool Growers' Association, the total product of unwashed wool in the United States this year is placed at 272,474,708 pounds. When scoured, the total weight will be reduced to about 115,284,579; in other words, the total per cent of shrinkage will be about

69.7. Montana leads in this year's production with 21,530,013 pounds; Oregon comes next with 19,889,976; California third, with 19,179,769; Texas fourth, 18,927,955; Ohio fifth, 13,925,403; New Mexico sixth, 12,329,347; Utah seventh, 11,415,096; Wyoming eighth, 10,369,434; Michigan ninth, 9,112,976; Colorado tenth, 8,949,018; Idaho eleventh, 7,300,515; Arizona twelfth, 5,179,272; Washington fourteenth, 5,125,001. The other States and Territories come under the five-million mark, the average being about two millions. Delaware, besides being next to the smallest State in the Union, has the further distinction of producing the smallest wool-clip this year. The total product of the State is given at 63,211 pounds, or about an average clip for many of the Montana sheep outfits. Nebraska and Kansas are tied on the highest average weight of a fleece, each of the States being set down at 8.1 pounds. Georgia is the lowest. In the Cracker State the 1,386,296 pounds of wool raised this year averages only four pounds to the sheep. The average for Montana is given at 7½ pounds. The grand average is 6.38 pounds.



THE GARDNER GRINDER.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the combined wool output of Montana, Oregon, Idaho and Washington nearly equals one-fifth of the total production for the United States; while the output of ten Northwestern States, including those mentioned and Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming and California, comprises nearly one-half the total production. Add to this list the two Dakotas, Iowa and Nebraska, and it is shown that the country is virtually dependent on Western and Northwestern States for its annual wool supplies.

A Tale of Wild Honey.

The Whatcom (Wash.) Blade says that a beehive was cut down near Ferndale, recently, which contained about 265 pounds of pure honey. There was still a large space to fill, and the bees were so numerous that immense stores of honey would have been added had the tree been permitted to stand.



DAIRYING IN MINNESOTA.

First Paper.

The most remarkable feature in the recent development of the State of Minnesota is beyond doubt the progress made in the dairying industry. It is a fact certainly worthy of consideration, that during a period of general depression in agriculture and in almost all other business pursuits, there should be one line of farming which has gone steadily forward and which shows excellent results not only in respect to the magnitude of the business but also in relation to its profits. There are now in Minnesota 475 creameries, and of these over 200 have been established during the past two years. When complete, the record for the year 1896 will show that no fewer than 150 new creameries have been opened in this State. The placid and patient cow is evidently getting in her work as a wealth producer in a very noticeable manner.

The districts of Minnesota which have been longest engaged in dairy industries are today the most prosperous portions of the State. Their prosperity in the midst of dull times serves as an instructive object lesson to farm-

During the years of the first settlement of Minnesota, even the southern part of the State was looked upon as too far north for a good stock and dairy region. The first settlers raised little beside wheat. The dairy business worked slowly northward into the State of Minnesota from Iowa. The success of the business in Iowa naturally stimulated farmers in the contiguous counties of Minnesota to engage in it. Their success led other farmers in the counties just beyond to try the experiment, and so the movement has gone on until today Minnesota stands in the very first rank of the butter producing States of the Union.

There are excellent scientific reasons for the prominence of Minnesota in recent years as a dairy State. The chemists of our State Dairy and Food Commission and of the Agricultural Department of Washington, have been at work analyzing the grasses of the different parts of the country. The results show that the grasses of Minnesota and of our two Western sisters, North and South Dakota, are richer by a considerable per cent, in the properties which go to

winters are long and cold as compared with those of such States as Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, they are not subject to sudden changes of temperature and to periods of cold rains, mud and slush. Cows thrive far better in a steady cold winter than in a climate where it is cold one day and warm the next, and so it is with human beings, for that matter. The brilliant record that Minnesota has won in the great World's Fair competitions and in many State fairs, for the quality of her butter, is therefore no matter of accidental or temporary circumstance. The climate of Minnesota is what has made this State so prominent in dairying. No portion of the American continent has undergone any noticeable changes in climate since first occupied by white men. Our climate is therefore a source of wealth for the Minnesota dairyman upon which he can rely with absolute certainty.

We present in connection with this article a map of Minnesota showing the location of every creamery in the State, excepting those established in the past two months. This map will repay a little study. It will be seen that the creameries are most numerous in the southern part of the State, where the dairying industry was first established; that they are pretty thickly dotted upon the map near the regions south of the line drawn east and west through the Twin Cities; that they already extend considerably north of this line and in large numbers along the principal railroad routes as far



A MODEL MINNESOTA CREAMERY.—PLANT OF THE FARMERS' CO-OPERATIVE DAIRY ASSOCIATION AT LITCHFIELD.

ers in other portions of the State. Beginning fifteen or twenty years ago, the dairy industry has steadily moved northward until it has now reached the great Red River Valley, which was formerly regarded as necessarily and exclusively a wheat country. Not only has dairying progressed steadily northward throughout the prairie regions of the western part of Minnesota until it has almost reached the Manitoba boundary, but it has invaded the old forest districts in every direction. Extensive regions of country which have been exhausted of their pine timber supply by the operations of the lumbermen, and which were for years uninhabited and desolate, the lands being considered hardly worth paying taxes on, are now being rapidly occupied by dairy and stock farms. These old pine and poplar land produce an abundant growth of the tame grasses. In a few years the dairy farmer converts waste land which cost him only \$4 or \$5 an acre into excellent farms easily worth \$25 or \$30 an acre. It is the cow that does it all.

make flesh and milk, than are those of the States further south and east. This is not a matter of theory, but of ample and complete demonstration.

Minnesota makes the best butter, because it has the best grasses. It has the most nutritious grasses, because of its climatic peculiarities. In the first place, it is neither too wet nor too dry. The Coast countries on both sides of the continent produce a more luxuriant growth of herbage, but the grass is watery and comparatively low in nutrition. On the other hand, in the regions where the rainfall is scanty the grass is stunted and shriveled and it takes a great deal of land to supply the cattle. Experience has shown that Minnesota lies in just about the right latitude for the best climatic results on animal life. It is not too cold in winter or too hot in summer. The general health and vigor of domestic animals is far better than in the States where the summers are longer and where the prolonged heat overtakes the vitality of domestic animals. While our

north as a line drawn east and west through Little Falls, and that they are already beginning to appear in the Red River Valley as far north as Crookston and East Grand Forks. There has been a very noticeable recent development along the route of the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad. The vast forest region east of the Red River Valley, stretching across the State to Lake Superior, is unquestionably destined to furnish an ample territory for the further extension of dairying. We may expect, also, to see by the time another map is issued by our State Commission, a noticeable thickening up of the black spots which show the location of creameries in the southwestern counties of the State, and in the Red River Valley counties. In short, there is good reason to believe that by the time the next Federal census is taken, in 1900, Minnesota will be in advance of any other State in the number of its creameries and in the value of its total annual dairy product.

Of the 475 creameries in Minnesota, about

350 run the year round. About ninety-five per cent of the whole number are co-operative concerns, and about the same per cent use the recently invented separator process. The old style, called "gathered cream" creameries, are getting to be obsolete. The average cost of the modern creamery-plant, including one separator outfit, is about \$3,000. Probably one-half the Minnesota creameries own more than one separator each, many of them having three or four. Each additional separator adds about \$500 to the cost of the plant. If we estimate the average capital as represented by the creameries to be \$4,000 each, we shall have a total of the investment in buildings and machinery of \$1,800,000. Of this capital, by far the greater part is owned by farmers who supply the creameries with milk.

The usual method of establishing a creamery is for twenty-five or more farmers to subscribe for the stock and to give their joint notes to a bank for the money necessary to erect and equip the building. These joint notes are usually drawn for two or three years and are payable on or before maturity. To pay these notes there is deducted from the credit of each farmer, for milk delivered, five cents for each one hundred pounds. This sum goes into a sinking fund to extinguish the debt. From the usual run of milk a creamery in a good location will pay up these notes with interest in about two years. The farmers have, in the meantime, received cash for the milk with the exception of the five cents per one hundred pounds deducted for the sinking fund. The books will then show what each man has paid in towards payments on the notes, and he then receives a certificate of stock to that amount. Under this plan the more milk the farmer turns in during the time the notes are running, the greater is his share of ownership in the stock of the concern. This is perfectly equitable all around.

There are two systems in vogue for the delivery of the milk to the creameries. In the case of about one-half the creameries, the farmers club together and run milk routes; that is, they pay jointly in proportion to the milk they furnish for the expenses of the men and teams that traverse the routes and deliver milk to the creameries. In other cases the farmers deliver their milk individually. The skim-milk and buttermilk belong to the farmers and they

have to call for it—unless they make other arrangements for its disposition. The milk is received by weight, but is paid for according to the butter-fat contained in each man's delivery. Some milk is considerably richer in butter-fat than others. Much depends upon the proper feeding of the cows. The whole system of business on which the creameries are run has been developed by long practical experience, and is designed to be absolutely fair and equitable to all the stockholders. It furnishes, in fact, one of the most striking examples of beneficial co-operative industry to be found in the whole

range of American life.

Cheese-making is not carried on in Minnesota to anything near the extent to which butter-making has been developed. The reason for this is that much more skill is required for the making of good cheese than for the making of good butter. Under the creamery system the butter-making machine now does pretty much all the work after the milk is delivered. There is even a machine which, after making the butter, works the buttermilk out of it, so that it comes out ready for packing in the best marketable condition. In cheese-making there



DAIRY COMMISSIONER'S MAP, SHOWING LOCATION OF CREAMERIES IN MINNESOTA.

must be constant and intelligent supervision. Much progress has been made in methods and apparatus, but brains are still required. There must be skilled and experienced labor. Cheese-making has, however, made a very substantial and promising start in Minnesota. Within the memory of men not now very far along towards old age, there was only one kind of cheese in the market. It differed widely as to quality, but it was all called cheese, without any other term. Now we have a number of varieties of good cheese made by widely different processes and possessing a wide range of flavors. Nearly all the best known cheese of foreign origin, such as Swiss, Roquefort, Neuchatel, Edam, Limburger, etc., are now made in Minnesota. There is no reason why they should not be made here as perfectly as in the European countries from which we import them. With increased skill, knowledge and care in cheese-making, we may expect to see this branch of dairy industry making great strides in the near future.

We purpose publishing in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, during the coming year, a number of articles on the dairy industry of Minnesota. This series begins in the present number with an article on the general subject of the importance and recent growth of the industry, from the pen of E. J. Graham, Assistant Dairy Commissioner of Minnesota. This article is followed by one on the milk dairy interests in the vicinity of St. Paul, which supply more than 150,000 people with their daily ration of the lacteal fluid. The second article is written by a member of our editorial staff. This last subject is one which has never before been adequately presented, to our knowledge, in any publication. All that people in cities know, concerning the milk business, is that the milk comes promptly to their door every morning in the year; yet, next to bread, there is no article of greater importance in the daily food of mankind.

In future numbers, we shall deal more specifically with the creamery interests of the State.

FOUNDING AND DEVELOPMENT OF MINNESOTA CREAMERY INTERESTS.

BY E. J. GRAHAM, ASSISTANT DAIRY COMMISSIONER.

One of the most important industries in the State of Minnesota today is the dairy industry. The value of the butter and cheese we shall manufacture this year is about ten millions of dollars, without taking into account other benefits directly derived from the industry. This makes a very reliable source of revenue for the producer, as prices have generally been remunerative and are likely to continue so. Previous to 1880 our dairy industry cut but little figure, though there were a large number of cows within the State, and considerable butter was made on our farms. With few exceptions, this product sold at low prices, it being of inferior quality. The large bulk which we shipped sold for cooking-butter in competition with lard and tallow, while some of it sold as grease and went into soap.

In 1880 several creameries were started, in the southeastern part of the State, on the plan of gathering the cream from farmers daily after they had separated it by the deep-setting process, and as, by this system, a fine quality of butter was made at a reasonable expense, it gave Minnesota her first creamery boom and our butter its first standing in the markets. These creamery enterprises started by individuals proved good-paying investments and appeared, from the producers' standpoint, as bonanzas to their owners. This occasioned on the part of such producers a desire to reap the

benefits going to the manufacturer, and started a second boom in co-operative creameries, which, later, resulted disastrously to the private ones, and did not materially increase the profits of these producers. The sudden large increase of eatable butter, coming simultaneously from the Middle and Northwestern States as a result of the increase in the number of creameries, and the flooding of the markets with the bogus article, so reduced prices that the producer and manufacturer were greatly discouraged, a condition which resulted in a general depression of the whole business and in bitter complaints against the sale of the bogus article.



BERNDT ANDERSON, DAIRY COMMISSIONER OF MINNESOTA.

But having, in 1886, obtained very restrictive national legislation against the manufacture and sale of bogus butter, reinforced by numerous State laws in the same direction and by great improvements in dairy apparatus, we again took courage and in 1890 commenced a third creamery boom on a better basis, namely, the co-operative plan and separator system, which has resulted in the recent great growth and our national reputation.

In the production of creamery butter alone we now have in operation some 475 creameries, 225 of which have been built in the past two years. These are patronized by over 60,000

dairy farmers. The product they turn out annually—nearly 40,000,000 pounds of the finest quality of butter—is worth seven millions of dollars. These factories employ about one thousand expert butter-makers. The process, as carried on today, is about as follows:

A creamery is built at a central place in a neighborhood, and it is equipped with all the improved apparatus and operated by skillful butter-makers. The farmers deliver the fresh milk there daily. It is weighed, sampled, and all bulked together. It is then run through a separator, which divides the cream from the milk by the application of what is known as centrifugal force. The farmer returns home with the skim-milk and buttermilk,—excellent feed for his calves and pigs, while the butter-maker ripens and churns the cream, and washes, works and packs the butter ready for the market. This process is a neat and skillful one. In fact, to produce the finest quality of butter requires the most perfect neatness and cleanliness on the part of all connected with the process—from beginning to end. It is reasonable to state that, when a very fine quality of butter is obtained by the consumer, he is assured that the most rigid cleanliness has been maintained in its production and manufacture, and that he is about to consume the cleanest of all cleanly manufactured foods.

Minnesota has obtained a great national reputation for her creamery butter. We won the grand sweepstakes at the New Orleans Exposition, and recently took all the honors at a national dairy exhibit held in Iowa, competing with all the leading dairy States in the Union. In all the important markets in this country our butter is well known, always commanding the highest prices and the best premiums. That our State government has recognized this industry above all others, cannot be wondered at when its importance, wonderful development and general good influence are considered. It increases our wealth, fertilizes our farms, promotes neighborly relations and good citizenship, is educational, and, by promoting diversified farming, insures us against results common to single-crop farming, which has so often proven disastrous. It encourages intense farming and small farms, indicating a permanent agricultural prosperity which all so much desire.

Minnesota is at present looked upon from without as well as from within as the coming great dairy State of the Union. If nothing comes in the way to check our progress in this direction, we will certainly become great in many ways as a result of promoting this particular industry. It has always been the result of following the cow, in all countries and in all ages. Our people recognize this and seem determined to follow precedents in this direction, and thus it is that even greater progress may be expected here in the near future than has taken place in the past.

THE MILK SUPPLY OF THE CITY OF ST. PAUL.

BY AUSTIN L. HALSTEAD.

The importance of dairy interests centering in large cities is little understood. Especially is this true of that branch of the business represented by the milkmen, whose delivery wagons are seen and whose warning bells are heard upon the streets from early morn till late at eve. We sometimes execrate the industrious individual who disturbs our morning repose and compels us to replenish the family supply of milk and cream, but in doing so we vilify a very essential member of the community and manifest a woful ignorance of what he is called upon to endure for the public good. Whether the dairyman be a martyr or an adulterating villain of the most watery dye, it is mor-



E. J. GRAHAM, ASSISTANT DAIRY COMMISSIONER OF MINNESOTA.

ally certain that he does not sleep upon a bed of roses nor pass his time in culling poetic sentiments from babbling brooks and leafy glades. His is a life of care. He must rise in the morning before daybreak, and retire at night only after he has attended to a multitude of duties that would make life wearisome to less patient mortals. Day by day he makes his tedious rounds, traveling the same old routes, dinging the same old bell, and rattling the same old milk-wagon over the same old streets. If he is five minutes' late, he catches particular fits from the wife or hired girl who is on the watch for him; if he happens to be five minutes early, the same flexible dispositions wish to know why he doesn't rout them out in the middle of the night. If he gives credit, he frets for his pay; if he refuses credit, sour looks and rasping words chase him all the way back home. It is well for us all that the average milkman is a cheery soul—a philosopher who takes things in a subdued sort of way and thinks, with Tennyson, that, somehow, good will come from all manner of human ills.

The St. Paul city directory gives the names of 218 persons who are classed as dairymen. Of this number it is probable that at least fifty or sixty have but one to two or three cows each; so that the number of bona-fide dairymen doing business within the city limits, as duly attested by the best authorities, is about 150. Fifty to eighty more dairymen may be added to this number from outlying districts. All these men keep their own stock and have a regular patronage. The herds run from ten cows up to 125. The average is comparatively low; only a dozen or so number ninety to 100 cows, and but one, so far as can be learned, numbers 125. The total number of cows owned by St. Paul dairymen is estimated at 2,500. The dairies tributary to St. Paul and which find their market here have an estimated total of 1,500 cows. To this number must be added at least 1,500 cows which are owned by private families in the city. Thus it appears that no fewer than 5,500 cows are needed in order to supply the citizens of St. Paul with their daily rations of milk and cream.

A cow may be expected to give milk for a period of eight months per year. The first four months the yield ought to be about two and a



THE MONTGOMERY DAIRY FARM, ST. PAUL, HUGH MONTGOMERY, PROPRIETOR.

half gallons per day; after that the cow should produce two gallons per day. If she continues to give milk, it will be in an ever lessening quantity. All told, not less than 45,000 to 48,000 quarts of milk and cream are used in the city daily. Of this quantity the local dairymen furnish about 20,000 quarts, private owners of cows 12,000, and outside dairymen 12,000 to 14,000 quarts. This would equal 11,000 to 12,000 gallons—or, at eight and a half pounds per gallon, a dead weight of 93,000 to 96,000 pounds daily and exceeding 25,000,000 pounds annually.

From output to profit is but a step. The maximum price of milk is five cents per quart. Some dairymen sell twenty-five, some thirty tickets for a dollar. The wholesale price ranges from twelve to fifteen cents a gallon, and there are about twelve milk depots that transact a wholesale business exclusively. There is ex-

cellent authority for the statement that a good cow will yield a net profit of thirty cents per day or \$60 to \$70 per year, but on this subject practical dairymen differ and, for the purposes of this article, the more conservative estimate is made of \$48 per annum. Three thousand cows, then, yielding a profit of \$48 each, would give the dairymen of St. Paul a net income from this source alone amounting to \$144,000 or \$960 per capita. As the business is transacted on almost an exclusively cash basis, there can be but little loss involved.

St. Paul's milk and cream supplies cost about \$1,325 daily or \$483,625 annually. That is, this amount of money is paid out daily, monthly and yearly by families that are dependent on dairymen for milk, buttermilk and cream. Against this aggregate volume of business the dairymen bring a big bill of cost—notwithstanding which, however, they realize a profit that would be eminently satisfactory in many other pursuits. They must stand the wear and repair of 250 to 300 milk-wagons which cost \$75 to \$100 and \$125 each; the expense of caring for about 300 horses, valued at \$30 each; the keep of 3,000 cows, which averages closely upon \$3 per month; the cost of hired help at \$20 a month, with board and lodging, and a hundred other items of expense that are necessary in order to keep up the premises, maintain the well being of the dairy and conserve the comfort and happiness of dairymen's homes. The total of four items alone show an investment as follows:

3,000 cows, at \$35 per head.....	\$105,000
300 horses, at 30 " ".....	9,000
250 wagons.....	22,500
Milk cans, etc.....	15,750
Total.....	\$152,250

Valuing the estates, together with their buildings, windmills and other farming and dairy equipments, at \$3,000 each, a further investment is shown of \$450,000, the grand total aggregating not less than \$600,000. This is regarded as a very conservative estimate. Many dairies in this city have a property and business valuation running well into the thousands, and there are those who think that a round million of dollars would not be too high an estimate of the amount of capital invested in St. Paul's dairy industry. Aside from this is the



THE SCHROEDER DAIRY FARM, ST. PAUL, HENRY SCHROEDER, PROPRIETOR.

equally important fact that the industry provides a living for nearly 1,000 souls. Look at it as one may, one is forced to the conclusion that the milk business has attained a growth which entitles it to very respectful consideration from State and city alike.

Inquiries at the office of the State Dairy and Food Commissioner satisfy us that local dairymen are, as a rule, enterprising and law-abiding. The law requires that all dairy premises shall be maintained in a state of cleanliness, that cows shall be healthy, and that milk shall contain not less than three and a half per cent of butter-fat. There are, of course, quite a number of dairymen who, through ignorance or neglect, pay little attention to the law until brought up short by the unexpected visit of some inspector. There may even be a few who are willing to take the chances of selling watered or adulterated milk, but it is believed that the great majority of our city dairymen, especially those who have an established patronage, are conscientious to a degree and desirous of seeing the law enforced rigidly. The law does not specify any particular time for dairy inspections. The hour and the occasion are optional with the inspector. A milkman's wagon may be stopped on the street and the contents of the cans be tested then and there. But the inspector's favorite season is the winter-time, for it is then that the dairymen have to house their cattle and take extra precautions against filthiness and disease. In almost every instance, however, the very considerable dairies are found to be in excellent condition. The barns are well built, warm, ventilated and drained, ample bedding is provided, good well-water furnished in abundance, and the feed consists of bran, oats, corn-meal, and other healthful and nutritious foodstuffs. Out-of-town dairymen who ship their milk to this city are subject to the same course of treatment accorded their local brethren. They must keep their premises in a cleanly condition, and their milk must come up to the law's requirements. Inspectors are liable to board incoming trains at any hour, and sharp indeed is the warning vouchsafed the milk dealer whose product is tested and found wanting. The second offense will probably mean arrest and fine. Public health is too important a matter to be trifled with, and if the law's severity be necessary to impress this fact upon careless or indifferent dairymen, the public may be thankful that the lesson is in no case withheld. That the operation of the State dairy law has so far been beneficial is quite generally admitted by the better class of dairymen. Like all good laws, its chief value lies in its rigid enforcement. Members of the local Dairymen's Association are frank to admit that the business would be better off if legal restrictions were such as to disbar the irresponsible dealers and thus confine our dairy interests to fewer men of greater worth. The license is only one dollar per annum, a sum which is so small that any milkman can afford to pay it. One result of a much higher license would be a consolidation of dairies and a closer supervision of them by the State authorities. Whether this would be deemed oppressive or not, is not yet determined.

All in all, the dairy interests of St. Paul are in good hands. Dairies are equipped with the most modern milk utensils and improved apparatus, and many of the proprietors possess scientific attainments of no mean order. All the milk is cooled with ice or with cold water, and cream is raised by the centrifugal system. In all probability it will not be long before the system of Pasteurizing milk will be in use by all large dairymen. This system consists in

first treating the milk to a cooling process and then subjecting it to 158° of heat for thirty minutes. Then it is cooled to 38 or 40 degrees, and bottled. This process kills all disease germs in milk, and at the same time preserves its flavor and nutritious qualities intact. It would involve an outlay of about \$1,000. We feel certain that the dairymen of St. Paul will not hesitate at anything reasonable to improve their plants and fortify themselves in the good opinion of the public. Men who navigate their milk-wagons an average of ten miles a day or 3,650 miles per annum, will not be daunted by anything less than a mountain when it comes to a question of dairy equipment.

SOME ST. PAUL DAIRIES.

FRANK MEYERS.—On Purnell Avenue, near West Seventh Street, Mr. Frank Meyers has a dairy that may in many respects be taken for a model. He employs the new system of drawing the milk from the cow's udder. By this system no hair, dandruff or dirt of any kind can enter the pail, nor can the milk absorb surrounding odors. The pail is provided with a covering or protecting apparatus which effectually prevents any impurity from getting



NEW SYSTEM OF DRAWING MILK, AS EMPLOYED AT FRANK MEYERS' DAIRY, ST. PAUL.

within, the result being milk that is absolutely pure, clean, and wholesome. It is Mr. Meyers' intention, in the near future, to also place in operation the bottle delivery system that is now so popular in the larger cities of the East. He will use this system on the Hill, where most of his wealthy customers reside. It is, of course, the cleanest and best method of delivering milk, and only needs a trial to make it as popular here as elsewhere.

H. MONTGOMERY.—The Montgomery Dairy Farm is probably one of the most extensive dairies in the West. It is about three miles from the city hall, and in one of the most healthful localities imaginable. An illustration of the premises is produced in this issue. The buildings cover an acre and a half of ground. They are made to accommodate 125 cows, and are models of neatness and comfort. Two large windmills supply a 400-barrel tank with water and furnish power to grind the feed. There is a pretty home, and attractive surroundings generally. The products of this dairy are sold to patrons on St. Anthony Hill exclusively—a patronage that is not surpassed by any dairy in the State. Mr. Montgomery has taken about twelve years to accomplish these grand results. It is nothing new for him to capture first pre-

miums for his products at State fairs, and he can now afford to look back, with the utmost complacency, to the time when he entered the dairy field as one of the smallest and most modest providers of milk and cream in St. Paul.

HENRY SCHROEDER.—Among the larger dairies in this vicinity is that of Henry Schroeder in New Canada township—about four miles from the court-house in St. Paul. It was established in 1884, and now comprises seventy-six cows. Of course, so many cows require a large stabling capacity, and this is provided in a barn that is 32x150 feet in dimensions. Another barn, 32x64 feet in dimensions, is used for a granary. All these seventy-six cows are examined and their milk tested twice a year—in the spring and fall. There are two windmills used, one for grinding feed, the other for pumping water. Mr. Schroeder delivers milk and cream to any part of the city, and enjoys an extensive patronage from parties on the Hill.

JOHN GRIBAWSKI.—Many of the dairies hereabouts were started in a small way and depend upon increasing patronage and enterprising management for future growth and development. There is, perhaps, no business in which good management returns a larger interest. A shiftless dairyman makes slow progress. John Gribawski began his dairy in 1891. It is about two miles northeast of the post-office and consists of seventeen cows, mostly Jerseys. He delivers milk and cream to some ninety customers in St. Paul, and is noted for his promptness and regularity and the excellent quality of his dairy supplies.

PAUL SPREIGL.—The Nebraska Dairy, owned by Paul Spreigl, was started in 1883. It is about three miles from the post-office and is recognized as one of the neatest and best kept dairies in this section. There are eighteen cows, nearly all of which are Jerseys. They are fed the choicest of feed, and they produce the richest of sweet milk and cream. Anyone who visits this dairy will at once see that a careful, painstaking man superintends its every detail. The cows show excellent care, and all the dairy appurtenances are modern and first-class. Mr. Spreigl makes neither butter nor cheese, all his milk being sold and delivered to his patrons in St. Paul.

JOHN OLSON.—There is nothing in the cattle line that is prettier to look at than a fine herd of Jersey and Holstein cows. One can almost see the clear blood circulating through their veins. Yet, this is just what one can see any day by going out two and one-half miles to the De Soto Dairy, owned by John Olson. This dairy was started in 1880, and now consists of thirty-six Jersey and Holstein cows. Their rich cream and milk are delivered morning and evening to not less than one hundred patrons, and readers may rest assured that Mr. Olson knows how to hold his trade and to secure new customers. He is a good dairyman.

JOSEPH BEARTH.—Some men seem to be natural-born dairymen. Unless a man loves cows, so to speak, and is full of the milk of human kindness which prompts him to study their wants and to supply them to the best of his ability, he is very much out of place when in the dairy field. Mr. Bearth is a good dairyman. Upon his premises—some two miles distant from the post-office—are twenty-four fine cows, which seem contented and whose pure milk goes to supply a large and growing clientele in St. Paul districts. The dairy was established in 1891. It grows steadily from year to year, and will soon rival the largest in Ramsey County.



THE GRIBAWSKI DAIRY FARM, ST. PAUL, JOHN GRIBAWSKI, PROPRIETOR.



THE NEBRASKA DAIRY, ST. PAUL, PAUL SPREIGL, PROPRIETOR.

SEBERT STRAY.—Another dairyman who takes just pride in his surroundings is Sebert Stray, whose well-appointed dairy overlooks beautiful Como Lake and supplies many a home with a delicious quality of cream and milk. Mr. Stray has twenty-five cows and has been in the business two years. He is making an excellent reputation. No one is surprised to see his business grow larger and larger annually, since he is a good manager, keeps the best of stock, and attends carefully to his many patrons. His cows and premises have stood all examinations. Only the choicest feed and water are used. He has a comfortable barn, large windmill, and all necessary dairy accessories.

HENRY STEBBING.—One of the most successful dairymen in this vicinity is Henry Stebbing, whose dairy is out at Como Lake, amid nature's loveliest surroundings. He has been there about two years. Thirty well-fed and well-cared for cows supply the richest of milk and cream to about one hundred and twenty-five regular customers. Mr. Stebbing has a large patronage from the St. Anthony Hill district. He uses the best feed, and brings to his business a degree of intelligence that merits continued prosperity. In one year's time he has increased his business

by about seventy-five gallons. He has good buildings and general equipments, and employs two delivery wagons.



THE DE SOTO DAIRY, ST. PAUL, JOHN OLSON, PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD KNOWLAN.—Five miles from the court-house, and in an admirable location, is the Rosetown Dairy, the proprietor of which is Edward Knowlan. He started this dairy in

1886, and now has thirty-five first-class cows. A visit to the premises will show a big three-story barn 34x100 feet in dimensions, and, furthermore, reveal the fact that it is constructed so as to afford the greatest possible degree of health, warmth, comfort and cleanliness to its gentle bovine occupants. To his one hundred and fifty customers Mr. Knowlan delivers an average of sixty gallons or 240 quarts of pure milk and cream daily. His trips to and from the city are of no inconsiderable importance to those who depend upon him for their morning and evening dairy service.

MINNESOTA GRASSES.—The great forage value of Minnesota grasses, as shown by repeated analysis, is also testified to by every local dairyman that has been sufficiently interested to study the subject. Both wild and cultivated grasses remain green, tender and luxuriant until late in the fall of the year. They are very rich in fat-making constituents, and therefore help to produce a superior quality of both milk and cream. In no other State, perhaps, are kine so generally healthy and so universally productive of high grade milk. Its rich, creamy flavor is always noticeable. With equal care, Minnesota cows yield better results than Elgin-fed cows.



THE BEARTH DAIRY FARM, ST. PAUL, JOSEPH BEARTH, PROPRIETOR.



THE STRAY DAIRY FARM, ST. PAUL, SEBERT STRAY, PROPRIETOR.



COMO PARK DAIRY FARM, ST. PAUL, HENRY STEBBING, PROPRIETOR.



ROSETOWN DAIRY FARM, ST. PAUL, EDWARD KNOWLAN, PROPRIETOR.

MINNESOTA STATE CREAMERIES.

[NOTE.—The creameries of the State will be more fully represented and handsomely illustrated in future numbers of this magazine.—ED.]

THE MINNEAPOLIS MILK COMPANY.

It requires but a brief study of the subject to convince one of the vast importance of Minnesota's dairy interests. Just one visit to a plant like the Minneapolis Milk Company's, at the corner of Fourth Street and Twelfth Avenue South, in Minneapolis, suffices to give one a fair conception of the aggregate value of the State's butter and cheese factories. This business was established in 1888 and incorporated in 1894. The company owns three plants, a two-separator and cheese manufacturing plant at Dennison, a one-separator and cheese manufacturing plant at Stanton, and a butter manufacturing plant in Minneapolis. The cream is sent from the two separator stations to Minneapolis and there made into butter. About 2,000 cows are tributary to these stations, and their milk capacity reaches 30,000 pounds per day. The company has a daily output of 3,000 pounds of butter and 2,000 pounds of cheese, and experiences no difficulty in disposing of its rich products. The butter grades "extra" or "Elgin," and is all sold in Minneapolis. All the plants are equipped with the latest improved machinery, and cost about \$10,000. In addition to butter and cheese, the company makes large quantities of ice-cream for the wholesale and retail trade, and probably does the largest wholesale and retail milk business in the city. A. R. Ruhnke is president and treasurer of the company, Nathan C. Cole vice-president and Suell J. Baldwin secretary.

A NEW AND SUCCESSFUL DAIRY PLAN.

A dairymen's enterprise of an unusual order is represented by The Minneapolis Dairymen's Creamery at 512 Second Avenue North, in Minneapolis. The company was established in June, 1896, is incorporated, and the plant is owned by the company and paid for. The main idea of this creamery company is to place the ordinary individual dairyman in a position to compete successfully with the stronger and more extensive dealers in dairy products. With this object in view it has secured the co-operation of 180 local dairymen, who are under contract to deliver at the creamery a specified quantity of milk daily, for which they are duly paid. This large quantity of milk enables the creamery folks to compete with the heaviest milk vendors for large wholesale trade, the benefits of which are shared mutually by the

creamery company and its adherents. Another important feature is found in the fact that the creamery enables the dairymen to dispose advantageously of their surplus milk. After supplying his patrons, a dairyman may have several gallons of milk left, for which he has no sale. In such a case he takes it to the creamery and receives credit therefor, settlement being made every two weeks. If the creamery gets a larger supply of milk on hand than it can sell at wholesale,—for it does not sell any at retail,—it uses the surplus to make butter with. So far, the plan has worked well. It enables the dairyman to increase his business, and saves him from actual loss. The capacity of the company's creamery is 600 to 700 pounds of butter daily. It can handle 1,500 gallons of milk every twenty-four hours. The butter is gilt edge, and it is sold as fast as it is made. It is a perfect one-separator plant. All equipments are the newest and best. It is supplied with artesian water, a splendid system of cooling tanks and storage vaults, and it is operated by skilled butter-makers and managed by competent officials.

A MODEL CREAMERY AT LITCHFIELD, MINN.

A trip to Litchfield, Minn., is not complete without a visit to the Farmers' Co-operative Dairy Association, better known, perhaps, as The Litchfield Creamery, an illustration of which will be found elsewhere. This creamery, established in 1894, made its first butter April 14 of the same year and has been a prosperous enterprise ever since. It is a three-separator plant, costing \$4,500. The main building is 40x42 feet in dimensions and one story in height. In addition to this is a boiler, engine and fuel room that is 18x22 feet in dimensions. These buildings are heated by steam, ventilated from the roof, and have an excellent system of drainage consisting of eighty rods of sewer-pipe extending from the plant to the outlet of Lake Ripley. Three to four men are employed the year round. The plant has a manufacturing capacity of 4,000 pounds of butter daily, which is the equivalent of 50,000 pounds of milk. About twelve hundred cows are tributary to the creamery—a fact which goes far to prove the vast importance of such an industry to adjoining farming communities.

The annual volume of business done by this creamery is \$50,000, and the annual profit to its farmer patrons or stockholders averages about \$40 per cow. This statement, made on the best authority, ought to attract the attention of farmers everywhere. A farmer who has thirty

cows can, it is shown, realize from them an income of \$1,200 per annum.

The entire output of this factory is taken by the Minnesota Butter and Cheese Company of St. Paul. Since August, 1894, the creamery has shipped to this one house 450,000 pounds of butter—every pound of which has graded "extra" or "Elgin." The grades, by the way, are the uniform Elgin grade, and the prices received have been above the market quotations.

The officers of the Litchfield Association are as follows: President, F. R. Hill; treasurer, Andrew Nelson, president of the Bank of Litchfield; secretary and manager, Henry Ames, president of the Minnesota State Dairymen's Association. The directors are H. R. Peterson, Henry Ames and Andrew Jackson. It is frankly admitted that the creamery has been a source of great profit to its patrons and that it is growing in favor constantly.

MODEL WINDMILLS AND WATER-TANKS.

A business that has a direct bearing upon the dairy interests of the Northwest is that owned and controlled by George W. Keys at 909 Iglehart Street, St. Paul. On all dairy farms, pure, cold water is an essential element, and, once found, it is best supplied to live stock by a windmill. Here is where Mr. Keys enlists attention. His windmills, water-tanks, etc., made on his own premises, are constructed on the most scientific principles and are admittedly superior to any other wind-engines and water-tanks now manufactured. He has had nine years' experience in the business, giving to it a patient and intelligent study that has made his name well known over a broad section of country. Mr. Keys is prepared to take contracts for complete water systems, and would be pleased to correspond with those who contemplate putting in new plants or making changes in old ones. His new tower windmill is proving very popular. These mills are shown in our illustrations of the Montgomery dairy farm, the Como Park dairy farm, and in those of the Olson and the Schroeder farms. He is abundantly able to compete with any reliable windmill and tank makers in the country, and his location in St. Paul gives him a decided advantage over outside manufacturers in the matter of freight rates. The tanks and mills made by him are in very general use, and growing more popular daily. They are substantial, do the work well, and cost no more than those of far less merit. Mr. Keys is thoroughly responsible, and what he says and does can be relied upon.

THE RABBIT DRIVE.

By A. M. Chadwick.

Between man and wild animals war seems to have been declared from the beginning, and it is a hostility that has never ceased. Savage animals hold their own in the midst of savage men, but the march of civilization soon exterminates them.

There are some animals, however, which, while not domestic, are exceedingly social and dominant, and at the same time exclusively reserved, paradoxical though it may seem. Civilization does not exterminate them; on the contrary, it affords conditions and environments in which they live, move, multiply and flourish most exasperatingly—notwithstanding civilized man and domesticated cats and dogs make perpetual warfare against them. Two of these classes of animals constitute the great pests of the California rancher: the ground squirrel and the jack-rabbit, both very destructive to crops. The means of warfare against the squirrel, is poison; but only the "drive" seems to be at all efficacious against the rabbit, and, from the numbers slaughtered by this method, one would think that all rabbitdom had been swept as with the besom of destruction. Still, it seems necessary to repeat the process frequently, for the rabbit is very prolific and multiplies rapidly.

Notwithstanding his destructive habits, the jack-rabbit is not regarded with the same feeling of hostility that other animal pests are. He is always an object of interest to us. We admire him for his fleetness. With long leaps he puts distance behind him. The ordinary dog is not "in it." The well-trained greyhound will run him down, but rather from outwinding than outrunning him. His timidity excites our sympathy. When the pursuit is on we sympathize, not with the dog, but with the rabbit.

The upper or central San Joaquin Valley seems to be the tramping-ground of the jack-rabbit, for here are the great grain-fields of California, and in this region chiefly occur the drives. In the early part of May the grain is headed and rapidly filling, and will soon be in condition for the rabbit's harvest. He does not stop with a single tithe; he frequently takes double tale.

But the rabbit is not the only interested party. The rancher is there, also. He watches the maturing crop from day to day, and sees the hordes of rabbits multiplying by legions. Where do they come from? Go where you may, —here, there, everywhere,—up pops a rabbit, sometimes a nest of them! It is a question of division of crops or the destruction of the rabbits. Something must be done. The ranchers hold council and decide upon a "rabbit drive" as the only adequate means of protection. The notice goes out. It is an invitation to everybody—man, woman, and child. Of course, the whole country is expected, and the whole country comes—comes in wagons, in carriages, in buggies, on horseback, on foot, armed with clubs and sometimes with shotguns; but the latter are dangerous to man as well as to rabbits, sometimes, in the excitement of the narrowing circle.

Before the day of the drive a corral will have been constructed, which consists of a rabbit-

proof fence inclosure capable of holding several thousand rabbits. Extending from this inclosure are gauze-wire wings, reaching a half-mile or more, in such a manner as to form a broad V-shaped opening with the inclosure, or corral, at the apex of the angle. In front of the open end of the corral is a V-shaped guard expanding toward the opening of the corral. The purpose of this device will appear later. The corral and its wings are usually provided by hunters who make a business of catching and shipping game to San Francisco, and take the catch of the "drive" as their compensation. The corral being constructed, the next thing is to get the rabbits into it, and this is the purpose of the "drive." All this having been done, the day and hour of the drive arrived, and the people began to approach the territory to be covered.

The plan was to form a circle several miles in diameter, with its center in the enclosure; that arc of the circumference which lies in the rear of the inclosure, was to part and swing in more rapidly than the other parts and thus form a line with its wings, so as to drive the animals from this portion of the field into the space before the corral. The line was to form and begin to move at two o'clock. The circumference of the inclosed territory was about four miles from the corral. We watched the horizon. Distant specks began to appear and take position along the line. They seemed to be widely separated. Soon clusters of carriages and cavalcades of riders, of both sexes, approached the line and deployed to right and left at various points; our groups began to disperse themselves along the circumference.

The time to move had arrived. The line thickened, the interstices became less and less, until the rim of the circle looked like an immense string of beads. People were swarming to the line from all directions.

The signal was given and the line began to move, slowly at first, and rather quietly. Then the line began to be heard as well as seen. Much of the course was through grain-fields that were high enough to hide the rabbits, and the continuous roar of the advancing line kept them so far in the advance that, at first, comparatively few were seen.

On this occasion men were allowed to carry guns, for the purpose of patrolling the field outside the lines and to shoot any animal that might break through; but they soon forgot their orders, in the excitement, and, rushing within the ring, began to slaughter the frightened animals as they darted hither and thither from danger. Nor did they always stand on the direction of their shooting, sometimes firing toward the lines point blank, when the rabbits ran that way. No one was hurt, however, though some were hit.

As the circle shrank, those crowded out of rank formed other and parallel lines within, until the space became so filled with the mass of people that all effort to preserve lines became fruitless. In the meantime, the frightened animals were being driven in from all points toward the common center of the corral. It was a lively scene from the beginning. As the lines contracted, the excitement increased. The un-

ceasing discharge of firearms, reinforced by the roar of the shouting and yelling multitudes, made a scene of confusion that beggars description.

The picture presented by the terrorized little animals, as they saw themselves hemmed in on all sides, was pathetic in the extreme. They were running, leaping, fleeing in all directions for safety. In their blind rush to escape the most impending foe, masses of struggling rabbits collided and precipitated themselves into indiscriminate heaps, from which there instantly arose an almost human wall of terror and despair. Extricating themselves from the squirming mass, they radiated in mad flight to all points, only to meet death from the cruel club or deadly shotgun. Hundreds leaped against the wings of the corral, —evidently mistaking them for open spaces,—rebounding from them to a distance of several feet, dazed and listless; and then the club finished the work.

At last the circle so contracted that it seemed to be a moving, struggling mass of rabbits. In hundreds of cases the terrible uproar of the yelling multitude so paralyzed the frightened animals that they squatted in their tracks, allowing themselves to be brained without further movement. Although hundreds were killed in this manner, the greater number were driven into the enclosure. As they entered—finding further progress cut off—they would turn and attempt to rush out again; but the V-shaped guard would catch them, and back to the corral they would rush. Thus, like a shuttle, they played back and forth, from corral to guard, until the inclosing wall of human beings had crowded them into the corral, when the gateway was closed.

Then followed a massacre—one of the most pathetic scenes man ever witnessed! There were thousands of trembling, fear-stricken little animals, crowded into a space of fifty by a hundred feet in dimensions, utterly demoralized, desperate, not knowing which way to turn and piling themselves up in tiers while trying to evade their cruel slayers, and the whole scene intensified by the shrieks of fright and despair that escaped them as they felt the utter futility of further effort.

Now the tragedy ends; the closing act has come. Thousands of rabbits, packed literally in tiers, and scores of men with the death-dealing shot and—Well, let me drop the curtain on all this; you can imagine the result. I did not wish to witness the closing act, so I retired from the field. As we retraced our course, the rabbits slain by the way lay scattered and in heaps everywhere.

I attended other drives, but when you have seen one you have seen them all, barring the accidents and incidents, which are sometimes the more amusing and exciting features of the occasion. Sometimes the drive takes place in the early part of the day and is followed by a picnic and its associated games and athletics. They are quite an institution in California, or at least in the San Joaquin Valley, and sometimes they cover immense tracts. At one drive in Fresno County, it was claimed that twenty thousand rabbits were destroyed. Sometimes, too, they gather in a goodly number of coyotes.

Although the drive is an effective means of destroying rabbits, it is rather demoralizing in its effects upon people. Children, and especially little girls, are inclined to pet and caress them; but I was pained to see, at the drives, that even the little girls became bloodthirsty and entered the corral and let slip the club of destruction. Whether we are brutes or humans, where masses are concerned, depends upon environments and associations.

CREAMERIES IN MINNESOTA.

Through the courtesy of the State dairy department we are enabled to publish the following valuable list of creameries in the State, also the excellent map on another page in which the location of the creameries named are indicated by black dots:

ANOKA COUNTY.—Anoka, Centerville, New Brighton, Ham Lake, Lino, St. Francis.

BECKER COUNTY.—Lake Park, Audubon, Cormorant.

BLUE EARTH COUNTY.—Madison Lake, Garden City, Butternut, Mapleton, Vernon Centre, St. Clair, Beauford, Lake Crystal, Cream, Danville, Smith Mills, Sterling Centre, Lake Crystal, Minnesota Lake, Mankato.

BROWN COUNTY.—Madelia 2, St. James, Sleepy Eye 3, Linden, New Ulm 2, Springfield, Cobden, Evan.

BIG STONE COUNTY.—Graceville, Batavia.

CARVER COUNTY.—Young America, Watertown, Waconia 2.

CHIPPEWA COUNTY.—Milan, Montevideo 2, Wegdahl.

CHISAGO COUNTY.—Rush City, Lindstrom, Shafer, North Branch, Harris, Taylor's Falls, Stacey, Chisago City, Almelund.

CLAY COUNTY.—Hitterdahl, Hawley 2, Barnesville, Ulen.

COTTONWOOD COUNTY.—Storden, Mountain Lake, Bingham Lake, Windom 2, Westbrook.

DODGE COUNTY.—Dodge Centre, Oslo, Mantorville, Wasioja, Hayfield, Claremont, Kasson.

DOUGLASS.—Brandon, Evansville, Osakis, Nelson, Urness, Moe, Garfield, Alexandria.

DAKOTA COUNTY.—Farmington, Randolph.

FARIBAULT COUNTY.—Blue Earth 2, Clayton 2, Banks, Wells 2, Delevan, Minn. Lake, Keister, Winnebago City, Easton, Elmore 2, Blaine, Sheridan, Willow Creek, Easton, Blue Earth, Wells.

FILLMORE COUNTY.—Fountain, Spring Valley, Harmony, Rushford, Whalen, Lunsboro, Preston, Mabel, Racine, Ostrander.

FREEBORN COUNTY.—Geneva 2, Newry, Albert Lea 3, Bath, Alden, Clarks Grove, Freeborn, Hartland, Glenville, Hayward 2, Manchester, Mansfield, Moscow, Oakland, Deer Creek, Ia., Twin Lakes 2, Emmons, London, Trenton, Armstrong, Gordonsville.

GOODHUE COUNTY.—Belvidere Mills, Cannon Falls, Forest Mills, Kenyon 3, White Rock, Wanamingo 2, Zumbrota, Frontenac, Vasa, Stanton, Goodhue.

GRANT COUNTY.—Ashby, Elbow Lake.

HENNEPIN COUNTY.—Minneapolis 2, Maple Plain, Long Lake, St. Bonifacious, Eureka.

HOUSTON COUNTY.—Freeburg, Houston, Spring Grove, Willmington, Bee, LaCrescent, Caledonia, Eitzen.

ISANTI COUNTY.—Cambridge, Spring Lake, Princeton.

JACKSON COUNTY.—Wilder, Heron Lake, Jackson, Lakefield, Sioux Valley, Windom.

KANDIYOH COUNTY.—Atwater 2, New London, Lake Elizabeth, Lake Lillian, Pennock 2, Irving, Warner, Kandiyohi, Lintonville, Norway Lake, West Lake, Svea, Willmer, East Lake Lillian.

KENEBEC COUNTY.—Mora, Brunswick.

LE SUEUR COUNTY.—New Prague, Le Sueur, Kilkenny, Cordova, Waterville, St. Henry.

LYONS COUNTY.—Tracy, Russell, Florence, Garvin, Minnesota.

LAC QUI PARLE COUNTY.—Dawson 2, Lac Qui Parle.

LINCOLN COUNTY.—Tyler.

MARTIN COUNTY.—Fairmont, Sherburne, Granada, Nashville Centre, Welcome, East Chain Lakes.

MEERKEER COUNTY.—Grove City, Rosendale,

Cedar Mills, Litchfield 2, Manannah, Dassel, Greenleaf, Forest City, Kingston, Watkins, Darwin, Stella Lake, Eden Valley.

MILLE LACS COUNTY.—Princeton.

MCLEOD COUNTY.—Acoma, Biscay, Hutchinson, Sumter, Winsted Lake, Lester Prairie, New Auburn, Glencoe, Brownston, Stewart.

MORRISON COUNTY.—Royalton, Lincoln.

MURRAY COUNTY.—Chandler, Avoca, Tracy, Fulda, Slayton, Currie, Holly, Dovray.

MOWER COUNTY.—Adams, Brownsdale, Waltham, Grand Meadow, Adams, Lansing, Leroy, Lyle 3, Austin, Lansing, Rose Creek, Dexter, Sutton.

NICOLLET COUNTY.—Courtland, Traverse, Winthrop, New Sweden, New Ulm, West Newton, Nicollet, Bernadotte, Norseland, Ft. Rigley.

NOBLES COUNTY.—Worthington, Round Lake, Ellsworth, Dundee, Adrian, Little Rock.

NORMAN COUNTY.—Flom, Garry.

OLMSTEAD COUNTY.—Chatfield, Forestdale, Orinoco 2, Laird, Pleasant Grove, Rochester 2, Salem, Viola, Byron, Rock Dell, Simpson.

OTTER TAIL COUNTY.—Dalton, Stod, Pelican Rapids, Fergus Falls, Henning, Elizabeth, Squire, Battle Lake, Underwood.

POLK COUNTY.—McIntosh, Dover, Fisher, Fosston, Russia.

POPE COUNTY.—Cyrus, Farwell, Lowry, Starbuck, Sedan, Villard.

PIPESTONE COUNTY.—Edgerton, Pipestone.

PINE COUNTY.—Pine City.

RAMSEY COUNTY.—St. Paul 3.

REDWOOD COUNTY.—Redwood Falls, Revere, Lamberton, Morgan, Sanborn, Springfield 2, Granite Rock, Logan, Bellview, Walnut Grove.

RENVILLE COUNTY.—Bird Island, Hector, Olivia, Sacred Heart, Fairfax, Morton, Renville, Buffalo Lake, Franklin.

ROCK COUNTY.—Hills.

RICE COUNTY.—Dundas, Faribault 2, Northfield, Webster, Wheatland, Roberts Lake, Nerstrand, Richland, Morristown, Warsaw.

SCOTT COUNTY.—Jordan, Chaska, Belle Plaine, Shakopee.

SWIFT COUNTY.—Appleton, Benson, Kirkhoven, Clontarf, Swift Falls.

STEVENS COUNTY.—Morris.

SIBLEY COUNTY.—Arlington, Henderson, Gaylord 2, Gibbons, Sibley, Winthrop.

STEARNS COUNTY.—Avon, Melrose, Torah, Cold Springs, Spring Hill, New Paynesville, St. Joseph, Albany, Belgrade, Kimball Prairie, Broton, Georgeville, Sauk Centre, New Munich.

STEELE COUNTY.—Clinton Falls, Havana, Blooming Prairie 3, Berlin, Pratt, Bixby, Owatonna 3, Cooleyville, Meriden, New Richland, Lamond, Steele Centre, Medford, Rice Lake, Moland.

TODD COUNTY.—Long Prairie, Clarissa.

TRAVERSE COUNTY.—Brown's Valley, Tintah, Wheaton.

WABASHA COUNTY.—Bear Valley, Hammond, Mazeppa, Plainview.

WASECA COUNTY.—Alma City 3, Morristown, New Richland, Otisco, Janesville, Waseca 4, Palmer, Vivian.

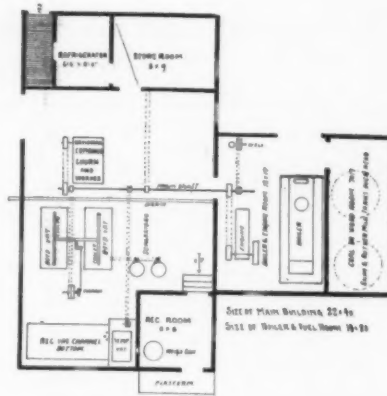
WASHINGTON COUNTY.—Scandia, Newport, Cottage Grove, Forest Lake.

WATONWAN COUNTY.—Madelia 2, St. James 2, Cereal, Butterfield, Grogan, Odin, Sveadahl.

WRIGHT COUNTY.—Monticello, Delano, Cokato 2, St. Michaels, Howard Lake, French Lake, Waverly, Montrose, Buffalo, Rockford, Hanover, Howard, Annandale.

WINONA COUNTY.—Bethany, St. Charles, Beaver, Saratoga, Utica, Pickwick, Rolling Stone.

YELLOW MEDICINE COUNTY.—Wood Lake, St. Leo, Echo, Clarkfield, Granite Falls.



PLAN OF A MODEL CREAMERY BUILT BY THE CORNISH, CURTIS & GREENE CO.

WHERE CREAMERY SUPPLIES COME FROM.

The few large creamery-supply houses of the country have been kept pretty busy the past few years. The establishment of so many new creameries in various sections of the Northwest has put new life into every branch of the business. A house that has its share of this trade is the Cornish, Curtis & Greene Co. of St. Paul, whose large factory is located at Ft. Atkinson, Wis. The St. Paul house, a branch of the Ft. Atkinson plant, was established in 1889. It carries a large stock of manufactured goods for the convenience of Northwestern patrons and is the sole Northwestern agent for the sale of Boyd's automatic ripening cream vat, which is manufactured by the Cornish, Curtis & Greene Co. at Ft. Atkinson. This system is now used by many creameries and is in a measure responsible for the splendid reputation of Minnesota butter. The butter made by this process scored 100 points at the Minnesota State Fair. This company makes and sells everything used by creamery men, butter-makers, and those who handle milk. It builds and equips creameries and cheese factories complete. It puts up creameries for \$3,000, ready to turn over to farmers for operating, which, it claims, are equal to if not better than plants built by the farmers themselves. Shipping facilities are good, and repairs are kept for all machinery used in factories.

THE POPULAR ALPHA IMPROVED SEPARATOR.

The De Laval Separator Company, of New York City, with its Western branch located at Elgin, Ill., may well feel proud of its record in Minnesota; for, according to the reports of creameries giving the kind of separator they are using, over ninety per cent of the separators in Minnesota are of the De Laval make, and over eighty per cent are Alphas.

When separators were first introduced into creameries in the West, Minnesota was first to use them. Probably the oldest separator in the country is on James J. Hill's farm, north of St. Paul. It had been in constant use for over fifteen years, until last spring, when he re-

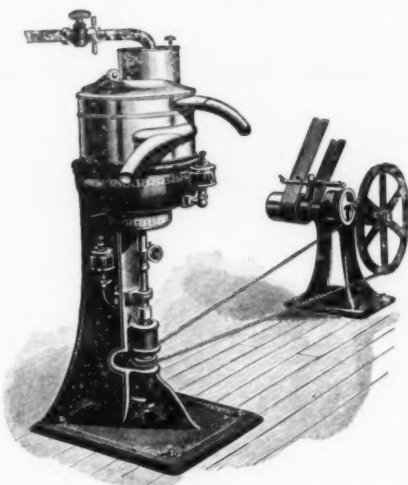
placed it with an Acme Alpha. Mr. Hill was probably the first to use a separator in the Northwest, a selection which showed his excellent judgment in this as well as in other things. There are in Freeborn County, Minn., between sixty-five and seventy separators, sixty of them being Alphas. In some counties, where there are fewer creameries, all the separators in the county are of the De Laval Alpha make. These facts showing the sale of the separators is not all that makes the company feel proud of Minnesota; it also takes pride in the butter produced in the State; for, to a certain extent, this can be traced to the separator used. Their machine skims milk colder than any other, therefore the cream, as well as the butter, is in a condition to keep longer and retain its flavor. The De Laval Separator Company also feels more than proud of Minnesota butter-makers; for there are dozens of them that have tried other makes of separators, and in all cases they have chosen the Alpha as the ideal machine. Another thing they feel proud of is, that in not a single instance has the Alpha been condemned and returned to the factory.

What is true in regard to the power-size separators, is also true in regard to the small "baby" separator for farm use. These are made in three sizes, No. 2 being the one commonly used. In Minnesota these machines run up into the thousands, and in some localities nearly one-fourth of the farmers have them. In Rice, Carver, Goodhue and Waseca counties are the greater number. They are increasing every year in these localities, showing that the farmers favor this machine. Last, and best of all, the company feels proud of the test record the Alpha has made. The past two years have seen sharp competition between separator representatives, and in most cases the buyer of the separator required the separator to be as good as the Alpha. This was his standard to go by. Of course, this led to a test of separators, unless the competing company objected. In the past two years there have been over thirty tests of separators with the Alpha, all other kinds of separators being represented, and in every case the Alpha was accepted and the competing machine taken out.

Not long ago a creamery that had a separator which only left 15-100 of 1 per cent of fat in the skim-milk, thought they had a good separator; but when they found a separator that only left 5-100, they began to figure what this 1-10 of 1 per cent of fat was,—what the amount was per month and per year in their total amount of milk. It opened the eyes of many, and the result was that the old separator was thrown away, and the Alpha took its place. This season has seen the usual number of new-style-make of separators put on the market, and in most cases they were guaranteed to skim as close and as fast as the Alpha; but today, we are informed, they are nearly all returned to the factory condemned—not because they would not skim, not because they were high-priced, not because they were hard to run, not because the butter-maker could not learn to run them, but because they left in the cream 1-10 to 2-10 of 1 per cent of butter-fat that the Alpha took out. This popular separator is sold by F. B. Fargo & Co., of 32 East Fairfield Avenue, St. Paul.

A WELL-KNOWN CREAMERY SUPPLY HOUSE.

A concern that has had a good deal to do with the development of Northwestern dairy and creamery interests is the house of F. B. Fargo & Company at 32 East Fairfield Avenue, St. Paul. The company's big factory is located at Lake Mills, Wisconsin, but it is from the St. Paul house that the Northwest territory is



THE ALPHA SEPARATOR.

covered. This large storage and warehouse is on the west side of the river and has its own sidetrack and every needed facility for handling creamery and dairy machinery and for transacting a great volume of business. F. B. Fargo & Company now have more inventions in the creamery line than ever before; and it is the possession of all this new and labor-saving machinery that makes the firm so popular among farmers—a fact duly attested by its large sales. Here are a few of the creameries which the company has supplied with machinery during the present year:

In Minnesota: Dick Bros., St. Michaels; North-Western Creamery Co., Sacred Heart; Hartland Creamery Co., Hartland; New Model Creamery Co., St. Bonifacius; Randolph Co-operative Creamery Co., Randolph; Georgeville Creamery Co., Georgeville; Emil Strunk, Hanover; Lintonville Creamery Co., Lintonville; Sterling Center Creamery Co., Sterling Center; Sedan Creamery Co., Sedan; Harris Creamery Co., Harris; Nerlein & Colbjornson, Belgrade; Morgan Creamery Co., Morgan; Morton Creamery Co., Morton; A. Karlin, Brownston; Brunswick Creamery Co., Brunswick; Mora Creamery Co., Mora; Morristown Creamery Co., Morristown; Granite Rock Creamery Co., West Line; Chisago City Creamery Co., Chisago City; Shakopee Creamery Co., Shakopee; Almelund Creamery Co., Almelund; West Lake Creamery Co., West Lake; Lake Stella Creamery Co., Darwin; Stacy Co-operative Creamery Co., Stacy; Spring Hill Creamery Co., Spring Hill; St. Francis Creamery Co., St. Francis; O. F. Olson, Brandon; Norway Lake Creamery Co., Norway Lake; Sheridan Creamery Co., Belview; Henning Creamery Co., Henning; Minneapolis Dairymen's Creamery, Minneapolis; Spring Lake Creamery Co., Spring Lake; Aastad Co-operative Creamery Co., Squier; A. Hiebert, Mountain Lake; Gilbert & Illstrup, Buffalo.

In South Dakota: Alpena Creamery Co., Alpena; Big Stone City Creamery Co., Big Stone City; Brookings Creamery Co., Brookings; Pierpont Creamery Co., Pierpont; Tripp Creamery Co., Tripp; Ashton Creamery Co., Ashton; Kimball Creamery Co., Kimball; Mound City Creamery Co., Mound City.

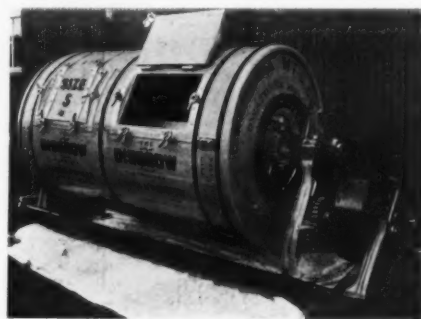
In Wisconsin: Farmers' Creamery Society, Trade Lake; Wood River Creamery Co., Wood Lake; Glenwood Creamery Co., Glenwood; Balsom Lake Creamery Co., Balsom Lake.

In North Dakota: Milnor Creamery Co., Milnor; Mayville Creamery Co., Mayville.

In Iowa: Norman Creamery Assn, Norman.

THE DISBROW COMBINED CHURN AND BUTTER-WORKER

About three years ago, when the Chicago Columbian Exposition was the Mecca of the universe, the creamery world was introduced to the Disbrow combined churn and butter-worker—then a new and untried invention, but now acknowledged to be the most wonderful discovery in the dairy line since the advent of the cream separator. Much adverse criticism was directed against the Disbrow when it first made its appearance. Some of the leading lights in dairy literature freely predicted the utter failure of a device that would both churn and work the butter in one machine; but today the remarkable sales of the Disbrow, the unparalleled success it has achieved and the universal satisfaction it has given, have convinced even the most skeptical that the combined machine has "come to stay."



In the DISBROW the butter is churned, washed, salted and worked—ALL IN ONE MACHINE.

There is no exposure of the butter to the air until one is ready to pack it in the tubs. The butter is thus kept at an even temperature; no foul odors, dust, flies, or anything of that sort is allowed to spoil it; the butter-maker is saved the trouble of transferring the butter in granular form from churn to worker, as with separate machines, and, in fact, the only work that the operator has to do, in order to work 100 or 1,000 pounds of butter, is to place his machine in proper working-gear, hold his lever in one hand and watch in the other, and let the machine do the work, which it will in about four minutes.

The Disbrow is made in five sizes—2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Size 6 has a capacity of about 1,000 pounds of butter at a time, and is the largest machine of its kind ever built.

As was expected by the manufacturers, the Owatonna Manufacturing Company, of Owatonna, Minn., many manufacturers have attempted to infringe on the Disbrow patents. The Owatonna Manufacturing Company is today engaged in litigation with the F. B. Fargo Company, of Lake Mills, Wis., and has already secured two decisions against them in the U. S. Patent Office.

The Disbrow is now in use in almost every State in the Union, in Canada, and in foreign countries, and is known the world round. Its practicability has been demonstrated beyond a doubt, it is fast becoming universal in the creameries of the Western States, and in three short years it has more than verified the claims of its manufacturers, who say, in their pithy motto:

"Some say it does all we claim

Others say we don't claim enough."

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Certificate from State Dairy and Food Commission.

F. R. PECK,**1097 Edmund street, St. Paul.**

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Delivered daily,

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No malt fed. I have certificate from State commission.

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Certificate from State Commission.

N. PAULSON,

Proprietor Brainard Dairy,

483 Brainard street, St. Paul,

Dealer in

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My cows are grain fed; no malt.

Certificate from State Dairy Commission.

F. MOSER,**1994 W. 7th street, St. Paul.****Mail: 444 St. Peter street.**

Dealer in

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Holds certificate from State Dairy and Food Commission.

H. BOEGE.**Mail: Care John Krey, West Side, St. Paul.**

DEALER IN

SWEET MILK AND CREAM.

I hold certificate of cleanliness and purity from State Dairy and Food Commission.

W. C. WAGNER.**Mail: 421 Mackubin street, St. Paul.**

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Certificate from State Commission.

C. A. JACOBSON.**Mail: 968 Payne Ave., St. Paul.**

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I feed no malt.

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I feed bran shorts and corn-meal, and hold certificate from State Dairy and Food Commission.

Joseph Schmidt.**Mail: 118 S. Robert street, St. Paul.****Dealer in Pure Milk and Cream.**

I have a State Certificate.

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My dairy bears the closest inspection.

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We feed bran shorts and corn-meal. Our dairy passes the closest inspection.

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Dealer in

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ANTON SCHMIDT.

Mail: 118 S. Robert, St. Paul.

Dealer in

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Certificate from State commission.

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ERNEST SCHOLZER,

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CHOICE SWEET MILK AND CREAM.

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JOHN BERGMANN,

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We have fifty cows, principally Jerseys and Holsteins. Certificate from State Dairy and Food Commission.

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Our dairy bears the closest inspection.

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I hold certificate from State Dairy and Food Commission.

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Mail: 410 Pleasant Ave., St. Paul.

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H. Zelch, Proprietor Otto Avenue Dairy,

and dealer in PURE SWEET MILK and CREAM.

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STRICTLY FRESH MILK AND CREAM.

Give me a trial and I will guarantee satisfaction. My dairy stands the closest inspection by State Commission.

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—PURE MILK AND CREAM.—

The report of State Inspectors was A 1.

All patrons served promptly and regularly.

A trial solicited.

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My dairy stands the closest inspection of the State Dairy and Food Commission. I give full measure and serve my patrons promptly.

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Dealer in

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My cows are grain fed. Have delivered milk to home of publisher for a number of years. Certificate from State Dairy and Food Commission. Am prepared to fill all orders promptly, and solicit new patronage.

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T. TORGERSON,**959 Payne avenue, St. Paul,**

Dealer in

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B. LOTHENBACH,**Proprietor Oakdale Dairy,****Cor. Oakdale and Annapolis Sts., St. Paul.**

Dealer in PURE MILK AND CREAM.

Patrons served regularly and given full measure.

I hold certificate from State Dairy and Food Commission.

Send me your order.

G. A. JOHNSON,**Proprietor White Bear Road Dairy,****1200 Payne avenue, St. Paul.**

I deal in the

BEST QUALITY OF MILK AND CREAM,

and hold certificate of cleanliness and purity from State Dairy and Food Commission.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Try me.

M. F. LUBY,**Montreal avenue, St. Paul,**

Dealer in

THE BEST QUALITY MILK AND CREAM.

My milk is fresh, my dairy's clean;
You'd say so too, if it you'd seen.

Give me a trial order. Certificate from State Dairy and Food Commission.

LOUIS BEARTH,**Cor. Rice and Idaho Sts, St. Paul,**

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PURE MILK AND RICH CREAM.

No malt fed. Give me a trial and you are sure to be pleased. All orders filled promptly.

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Mail: 737 Wabasha St, St. Paul.

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My cows are fed on bran shorts and corn-meal. No malt. Certificate from State Dairy and Food Commission.

Leave mail orders at above number.

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Dealer in CHOICE SWEET MILK AND CREAM.

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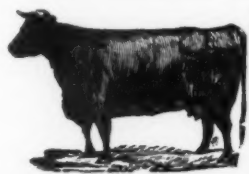
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Cows sold by us tested for tuberculosis if required.

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suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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FRENCH 100% SAFE & SURE, Used 20 years. Try them after all others fail. Sealed \$1. Particulars and secrets worth \$5 for \$2. AUBURN MEDICINE CO., 55 STATE ST., CHICAGO.**PLAYS**Dialogues, Speakers, for School,
Club and Parlor. Catalogue free.
T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago Ill**A Blow at Turkey.**

The Thanksgiving season is at hand, and Uncle Sam is preparing to take a fall out of turkey, but it would be more to his satisfaction if he could get a whack at the Turkey across the sea, which is a detriment to mankind. On the other hand the Saint Paul & Duluth is a benefit to mankind, and especially to the travelling public, because of its service and its facilities. These have made it the popular route at all seasons of the year between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other points of interest and importance. The Duluth Short Line, as it is generally known, always has the latest and best equipment; its trains run rapidly and smoothly at handy hours; the route is through a picturesque and prosperous country; and it makes close connections at handsome terminals with trains running to all points of the compass. Always take the Duluth Short Line and go with the people. Apply to ticket agents for maps, circulars, folders and information, or write direct to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

WILD FOWL IN NORTH DAKOTA.

For some time past large parties of sportsmen from Minneapolis and St. Paul have been leaving for various points in Minnesota and North Dakota on their annual expeditions against the toothsome prairie-chicken and other wild fowl. Quite a party recently went over the Northern Pacific to Dawson, in North Dakota, where they placed themselves under the guidance of J. J. Gokey, whose reputation, according to the *Minneapolis Journal*, is more than State wide. Gokey says that there are more grouse than ever he saw on the North Dakota prairies, and that there is not a doubt about his ability to afford good shooting for any Twin City gunners that choose to go up there.

"Every lake and slough hereabouts," says Gokey, "is full of water, and that is a condition of affairs that has not prevailed for the last four seasons. Where everything was as dry as a bone last year, you would have to use waders now, and that is what makes slough shooting. As for the geese, we are never at a loss to find them. They will be here in November as thick as ever, and I've got ten parties on my books from Minneapolis now. A party of Northern Pacific people will be up here next week after the grouse, and there will be some tall bags made, unless I am mistaken."

The local gun stores are loading enough duck-shells to decimate the entire crop of wild fowl if they were all used with effect. The fact is, though, that despite the skill of the Northwestern gunner, about one shell in twenty is effective, according to carefully prepared statistics. There are so many explanations to be made after a duck-shoot, as a rule, that everyone is satisfied, including the hunter. Either the birds don't come in until after dark and he has to shoot by guess, or they fly very high over his particular cover, or they are so wild that every shot is more or less out of range. Taking it all in all, the duck of whatever species is a pretty good match in shrewdness and diplomacy for any gunner that can be turned out; and barring, of course, the outfits that sneak on roosting flocks and murder them wholesale, the sportsman earns every bird he brings home.

The Gun Went Off.

A facetious lawyer had under cross-examination a simple-looking youth, who rejoiced in the name of Sampson, and resolved to raise a laugh at his expense.

"And so," questioned the legal light, "you wish the court to believe that you are a peaceably disposed and inoffensive kind of person?"

"Yes."

"And that you have no desire to follow in the footsteps of your illustrious namesake, and smite the Philistines?"

"No; I've not," answered the witness. "And if I had the desire I ain't got the power, just at present."

"Then you think you would be unable to rout a thousand enemies with the jaw-bone of an ass?"

Well," answered the ruffled Sampson, "I might have a try at them when you are done, but I'll be teetotally damned if I'd want to use your jaw!"—*Columbia Falls (Mont.) Columbian*.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"I have taken THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE several years, and am much interested in it and the accounts of the growth and prosperity of that wonderful region."—*Geo. Barton, Erie, Pa.*



After four years of litigation the large steel plant at Superior, known as the West Superior Iron and Steel Company, will be put upon its feet and again be placed in operation. The Rockefellers and other capitalists are back of the enterprise, and abundant capital is assured. About \$2,000,000 will, it is said, be expended in enlarging and improving the plant, and it is expected that fully 2,000 men will be in the company's employ within eight months. The reorganization is also thought to indicate that the Rockefellers are making rapid progress in the matter of consolidating the iron-range properties, the steel plant, and the shipyards of the American Steel Barge Company. It is probable that, within a year, the famous whalebacks may be constructed by the same capital that mines the ore, carries it to West Superior and makes it into steel plates.

Minnesota.

Jordan has voted a new schoolhouse to cost \$9,000.

A new \$6,000 Methodist church is being erected in Wells.

The new Presbyterian church at Mankato cost \$40,000 and is all paid for.

Pine City will have a flour-mill and an electric light plant next spring.

Arrangements are completed at Owatonna for the erection of a \$20,000 opera-house.

Waseca has a new butter-tub factory in full operation. It proposes to supply State creameries.

A small flour-mill is being built in Grand Meadow, and a new planing-mill is in course of construction at Milaca.

There is much activity at Belle Plaine. Among buildings now going up is a large brick store and hall building to cost \$8,000.

During the fiscal year just ended the Chatfield Co-operative Creamery Company made 211,656 pounds of butter. A new and larger plant will be constructed near the old one.

The new flour-mill at Faribault, owned by the Sheffield Milling Co., can turn out 1,000 barrels per day. It is 65x100 feet in dimensions and five stories high—a model mill in every respect.

The Washburn Home Orphan Asylum, in Minneapolis, is to have an electric lighting plant. The contract has been placed with the Gogler Electric Company upon the merits of the apparatus presented.

The roller flouring-mill at Rush City has a daily capacity of 150 barrels and runs night and day about three-fourths of the time. Considerable of the output is shipped East and abroad. It is a first-class plant.

Austin is building a city hospital. The same city has a bonanza in its cement works, which have been busy all the season and are now to be enlarged. This season's output will be 50,000 barrels, but it is expected to double that next year.

During one week last month the Minneapolis flour-mills ground 321,235 barrels of flour, the largest weekly output in the history of the mills of that city. The largest previous output was for the week of Dec. 1, 1894, when 294,400 barrels were ground.

The new flour-mill of the Interstate Milling Company at Little Falls is now in operation. It has a daily capacity of 1,000 barrels. This, with the other mills owned by the company, gives a total output of 1,500 barrels per day. Both plants will be run day and night from now on.

North Dakota.

Hallock is to have a new tannery.

Dickinson, a town that never stands still, is going to erect a \$5,000 opera-house.

The Grand Forks woolen-mill has just started a shirt and underwear manufacturing department, em-

ploying nine additional hands. The mill now gives employment to seventy-five persons.

Seventeen car-loads of fat cattle were shipped from Ellendale one day recently. Dickey County is becoming quite a cattle country.

Carrington is working for a new school building and a graded school. In 1883 Senator Casey, at his own expense, erected and donated to the town the building now occupied as a schoolhouse; but the town has been growing all these years, and now a new schoolhouse is among the necessities. And it is a foregone conclusion that Carrington will have it.

The Grand Forks woolen-mills recently shipped a heavy invoice of woolen blankets to a large wholesale house located at Kobe, Japan. The order reached the mills from a Chicago importer, and it is expected that, if the goods are satisfactory, as they no doubt will be, a considerable part of the mill's product will be sent to Japan within a very short time.

J. W. Ross, the Grand Forks architect, has completed plans for two firm business blocks in Langdon. One of them will be a two-story bank and store building, 100x80 feet, to cost \$18,000. The other will be a store building, two stories high and 50x90 feet in dimensions, to cost \$9,000. Both are of brick and stone. Mr. Ross says the prospects for next spring, in the way of substantial new buildings, are particularly bright.

Nothing more creditable to North Dakota soil could be mentioned than the fact that, notwithstanding the wet weather and generally unfavorable conditions for raising wheat, the quality in the Red River Valley is good. The grade will not reach the high mark in many cases, but there is a very large percentage of "No 1 Northern," which brings only a cent a bushel less. Even the little "Rejected" wheat marketed last month, brought as much per bushel as the highest grade did a year ago, while the latter was worth ten cents more than in '95.

South Dakota.

Two large grain elevators have just been completed at Tyndall.

The Black Hills region claims to possess 400,000 cattle, 200,000 sheep, 50,000 horses, and 11,000,000 acres of ceded lands.

The State Fair at Yankton was well attended and the exhibits creditable. South Dakota products are hard to beat.

Bon Homme County has produced the largest crop of corn of any year in her history, except 1886. A large number of men from outside will be necessary to gather it.

The Cyanide mill at the Keystone mine is nearing completion. The eight circular iron tanks have been put in place and all connections are about completed. It will be one of the most notable plants in the Black Hills.

There was a good apple crop in South Dakota this year. From one farm, near Ortonville, a thousand barrels, or nearly 6,000 bushels will be shipped. Yet some people think we are joking when we call this the "banana belt."

The Homestake Mining Company, in the Black Hills, has paid another dividend of \$31,250—twenty-five cents per share. The total dividends paid to date amount to \$5,983,850. It is expected that the vast improvements now under way on the company's property, including the enlargement of the mills, will greatly increase the output and enable the company to increase the dividends during the coming year.

Montana.

The Golden Scepter Company, at Quigley, is expending \$80,000 per month.

A twenty-ton smelter will be erected at Princeton, to be operated by water-power.

A new stamp-mill is to be erected on the Gold Coin mine, eighteen miles from Anaconda.

Up to the 16th of October 3,581 cars of Montana beef cattle had been shipped to Eastern markets, making a total of 71,620 head.

The packing-house of the Montana Meat Company at Evansdale has a daily capacity of 200 beefs, 300 hogs and 300 sheep, which come principally from Montana, Washington and Idaho.

The Florence Mining Company, of Nehart, operating the Florence mine, a silver property, has been paying monthly dividends on 500,000 shares for the last eighteen months, and has just distributed among its stockholders the ninth dividend for 1896, making \$90,000 dis-

tributed during the present year. The company has also purchased three adjoining claims for \$25,000, adding vastly to the value of its property. The Florence is a close corporation and its stock is not on the market.

Building improvements in Lewistown for the season of 1896 have so far amounted to about \$25,000. This is a pretty good showing for a town of 1,000 inhabitants to make. Lewistown is forging ahead in spite of hard times.

Burton, in Teton County, is to have a creamery plant. Milk and cream will be purchased from ranchers in Teton, Choteau and Cascade counties, and Great Falls will be the distributing point. So says the Great Falls Leader.

The Anaconda Mining Co. has let the contract for the erection of a silver mill to have 500,000 ounces capacity per month. It will have four furnaces and two ten-ton dry tanks will be fitted with the latest machinery.

The shipment of wool from Great Falls the past season amounted to 7,312,000 pounds. There is still in the warehouse 160,000, making a total received in Great Falls for the season of 7,472,000 pounds. The shipment in 1895 was 5,263,000.

The Hannah mine, owned by Messrs. Gray and Downing and located in the Red Lion District, has been bonded to Nicholas Gilman of Duluth, who represents a large syndicate, for \$100,000. It is said that new machinery will be installed and a big force of men employed in the further development of the property.

The second payment of \$100,000 has been made on the purchase price of the Diamond Hill mine, recently sold to Glasgow, Scotland, capitalists. The purchase price was \$2,000,000, more than half of which is to be paid in cash, the balance being payable in stock in the new company. The company will at once begin the erection of a 600-ton mill, which will cost about \$200,000. The Diamond Hill mine is exclusively a gold mine, located forty miles east of Helena, in the St. Louis mining district.

Idaho.

J. D. Wood of Beaver Canyon, near Salmon, is the largest sheep owner in the State, having 78,000 head.

A drive-well near Idaho Falls struck water at a depth of 142 feet, after going through ninety-eight feet of lava.

The Idaho mines in the Slocan declared a dividend of \$20,000 recently and expect to declare regular dividends of \$15,000 to \$20,000 a month from this on. Over \$60,000 in dividends has been paid in the past. Ore to the value of \$35,000 was taken from the mine last month. The concentrator is handling 350 tons of ore a month, the concentrates of which will run 200 ounces in silver and forty-five per cent in lead. The crude ore, of which fifty tons are taken out monthly, will run 250 to 320 ounces in silver and fifty to sixty-five per cent lead.

September proved a banner month for the Trade Dollar mine, the output being two car-loads of concentrates and fifteen bars of bullion, says the Silver City *Arctanche*. Besides this a car-load of rich smelting ore which has been accumulating, was shipped, of an estimated value of fifty or sixty thousand dollars. While not authentic, we feel safe in placing the combined output for the month of September at about \$115,000. The mine is proving a wonderfully valuable property, and is looking exceptionally well at every point. A complete electric light and power-plant will be put in at once.

Oregon.

The Pendleton Foundry Company's plant is now in successful operation.

The Villard library of the University of Oregon now contains 6,624 volumes, besides unbound periodicals.

The hop crop of the State will prove to be about 40,000 bales. The quality, in most cases, is exceptionally good.

Scottsburg, in Douglas County, has the oldest tannery in Oregon. It was built in 1853 by Levy Kent, now a prominent and active business man in Drain.

The irrigating canal on the west side of Hood River Valley is nearing completion and will furnish water for irrigating that entire section. The canal will carry 2,000 inches of water, and was constructed at an expense of \$20,000.

Governor Lord has received a letter from the United States fish commissioner saying that arrangements were made to send a car-load of Eastern oysters to the Pacific Coast, and that it is his intention to plant a portion of them in Yaquina Bay.

Washington.

Spokane is to have a new \$50,000 theater.

The exact cost of Spokane County's new court-house was \$329,081.53.

C. E. Whistler produced 550 bushels of beans on his farm near Garfield, this season.

Machinery is nearly ready for the flax-mill which is to be operated at New Whatcom.

The Cheney flouring-mill is running night and day. Most of the output goes to China and Japan.

A powder factory has begun operations in Tacoma. It is estimated that the output will be 5,000 pounds a day.

The State Fair held at North Yakima was well attended and proved successful financially and in all other ways.

Spokane's fourth annual Fruit Fair, which opened Oct. 6, was a great success. We shall have more to say about it in our next issue.

New Whatcom's creamery is completed. There are three improved separators, and the entire plant is said to be the most perfect on the Coast.

Shipments of fresh fish from Aberdeen for the week ending Thursday, October 1st, amounted to 14,943 pounds, or about 2,500 pounds per day.

Three or four new sorghum-mills have been purchased by Kennewick farmers, and hundreds of acres of cane will soon be reduced to molasses in that section.

The Stanwood creamery is turning out 300 pounds of butter daily, and has been in receipt of large orders on the strength of the gold medal awarded its product at the Tacoma fair.

The broomstick factory established at Sumus has commenced operations with a daily capacity of 2,000 handles, which will be increased shortly to 7,000. Machinery will also be put in for manufacturing tooth-picks.

A valuable nickel deposit has been found by S. N. Bodge, of Harvey, about four miles from his place, on the Columbia River and about twelve miles west from Colville. The ledge in which the metal exists is about four feet in width.

A. H. Williams, operating the Yakima Evaporating Co.'s plant, is turning out a splendid lot of dried fruit—prunes and peaches. A Yakima Times reporter visited the plant and found the dryer loaded with 7,000 pounds of peaches in the process of evaporation.

The total shipment of lumber from Washington by the various railroads for eight months of 1896 were: Lumber, 4,865 cars, as against 3,565 in a like period of 1895; shingles, 9,905 cars, as against 9,216 cars in a like period of 1895, showing 1896 to be the banner year, thus far, in Washington's history.

A quartz mining claim was staked out and recorded recently within the city limits of Spokane. It is located near Washington Street, the locators being Alfred Applequist and L. J. Gustafson, proprietors of a hotel there. The property covered by the location

includes a number of residences and much valuable ground. The locators claim the ledge is twenty feet wide and is traceable for four miles. Assays are said to run as high as \$40 in gold.

Canadian Northwest.

The Evening Star mine at Rossland is now on the shippers' list.

Free gold has been discovered at Waterloo, fifteen miles from Trail.

A large smelting and refining works will be put up in Vancouver at once.

The owners of the Slocan Star have been offered \$50,000 cash for a thirty-day option on the property at a price of \$2,500,000. They refused the offer.

The Josie mine at Rossland, according to the Rossland Miner, has opened up an immense ore chute in the east tunnel and is expected to pay dividends the coming winter.

The War Eagle Gold Mining Company declared another dividend of six cents per share, or \$30,000, in October. This dividend makes a total to date of \$187,500.

The Brennan group, located about fifteen miles from Kaslo, has been bonded by Major S. B. Steel and others. This is a silver-lead proposition. The price of the bond is \$30,000.

The Heinze smelter at Trail is now treating 400 tons of ore per day. This will reduce the ore piles in short order. Additional cars have been ordered for the tramway. At present about 300 tons per day are being transported.

We hear a great deal about purifying the blood. The way to purify it is to enrich it. Blood is not a simple fluid like water. It is made up of minute bodies and when these are deficient, the blood lacks the life-giving principle. Scott's Emulsion is not a mere blood purifier. It actually increases the number of the red corpuscles in the blood and changes unhealthy action into health.

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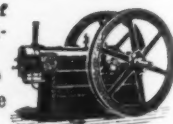
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A CREDITOR'S POOR PROSPECT.

A good story is being told on a certain gentleman named W—. He telephoned a recently returned citizen from China, asking when he was going to settle up the little account contracted before he left. The reply came back in dulcet tones:

"I intend to fix up with my creditors in alphabetical order!"—*Vancouver (B. C.) World.*

HOW HE CHANGED THE DIET.

A writer in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* relates the following anecdote of William F. Barker of Chatham County, Wash.: During the sixties, Barker worked at the Port Discovery saw-mill. At one time the men became very much dissatisfied with the fare in the cook-house. Weeks would pass without fresh meat appearing on the table. Salt beef, familiarly known as "salt horse," was the regular bill of fare. One evening after supper, Charley Wood, who was superintendent of the mill, and who happened to have company that day, including the principal owner of the mill, was called out of his residence by the most unearthly noise down on the mill sand-split. Going down there, accompanied by the proprietor, Mr. Wood found Barker cavorting around on all fours, snorting and

humanity and the editor. Come in and see us, but do not stop the fighting editor's bull pup. He is small, but savage."

THE CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

Indian Scout Campbell, of Fort Custer, familiarly known as "Windy," returned recently from a trip to Chicago. As he stepped from the train a certain Billings gentleman said to a reporter of the *Gazette*:

"I met Mr. Campbell not many days ago. He was engaged in a heated political argument on the depot platform with a Bryan man, and Mr. Campbell said:

"Four years ago you were a Democrat, two years ago you were a Republican, and now you are a Popocrat. After the third day of next November, when the wires bring the news that McKinley has been elected by an overwhelming majority, you will find out that you are a great big sucker. Any man that can flop as many times as you have, is a fish without scales or beauty spots. You are a sucker, and ought to have a double pair of gills."—*Billings (Mont.) Gazette*

SPLITTER JAKE FROM NEIHART.

Over in Fergus County, Montana, not long ago, they were expecting a new Presbyterian divine. If he had been a Methodist they would have attached less importance to his arrival, for Methodist ministers come so often and stay so short a time that their comings and goings are barely noticed, even in Fergus County.

At last their man was reported to have arrived on the stage, and surmise was entirely lifted beyond the realms of conjecture when it was said that he wore a plug hat. This stamped him irrevocably as the long expected minister.

A delegation was at once formed to go to the hotel



AT THE HEAD OF THE CAMPAIGN PARADE.

Miss Luffkins (as the brick leaves her hand)—"Take dat fer luck, you brack scamp! B'raps I don't no whar my bes' cat'n ash-barrel is went now!"

kicking up his heels and squealing in imitation of an excited horse, to the infinite delight of the other mill-hands. Wood called out to him:

"Bill, what in thunder are you doing? Are you crazy? The women and children are all frightened at your conduct."

Bill slowly regained a human position and drawled out, in his inimitable way:

"Oh, nothin'. I've just-a-been fed-a on salt horse, b'gosh, till I feel more like an animal than anything else."

A canoe was dispatched to Dungeness next morning for fresh meat, and from that date salt horse disappeared from the Port Discovery bill of fare.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA PROSPECTUS.

In calling attention to the merits of his paper, R. T. Lowry of the New Denver (B. C.) *Ledge* has issued an illuminated circular in all the colors of the rainbow and which reads as follows:

"Fellow Pilgrims All—The *Ledge* is located at New Denver, B. C., and can be traced to many parts of the earth. It comes to the front every Thursday, and has never been snow-slided by cheap silver or raided by the sheriff. It works for the trail blazer as well as for the bloated and chicken-fed capitalist. It aims to be on the right side of everything, and believes that hell should be administered to the wicked in large doses. It has stood the test of time, and the pay-streak is growing wider. The annual assessment is only \$2, and no palace, cabin or shack is complete without it. A vein of job printing is worked for the benefit of

to welcome him and make him at home—to give him the happy hand of fellowship. The delegates were ushered into his presence, and, after shaking hands all around, the spokesman, in his hearty, bluff, Western way, said:

"When do you expect to open up?"

"Tonight," replied the stranger.

"Well, give it to 'em straight," remarked the welcoming deacon.

"That's what I'll do," replied the new-comer. "That's what I'm here for, an' I'll sure pay the limit an' give 'em a square deal from soda to hock."

"Well, we're glad to hear you say so, parson."

"Parson be darned! I'm Splitter Jake from Neihart! Who in thunder do you take me for?"—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

One Honest Man.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, loss of vitality, lack of confidence, etc.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone. I was robbed by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address, JAS. A. HARRIS, Box 313, Delray Mich.

GET THE BEST

When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and be led to think you can get the best made, finest finished and

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There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

NEW HOME

It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle (patented), no other has it; New Stand (patented), driving wheel hinged on adjustable centers, thus reducing friction to the minimum.

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If you are going East—or South—and want to know what the trip will cost, when you will reach your destination, and why you should take "The Burlington" to Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis and Kansas City, write to W. J. C. Kenyon, G. F. & P. A., St. Paul, Minn., and you will receive by return mail a letter telling JUST EXACTLY what you want to know. Reclining Chair-Cars—seats free; Pullman Compartment and Standard Sleepers; Dining-Cars, serving meals from 25c up—the combination makes comfort sure, and it will SUIT YOU.

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Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund,
180 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

A PLEASED WOMAN.

I advise you all to have your teeth fixed where you can get a Set for \$1.00; Gold Crowns for \$5.00; Gold Fillings for \$1.50; Gold Alloy Fillings for 75c, and where there is no charge for "Anti-Pain" for painless extractions.

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The long talked-of new Limited trains on "The North-Western Line" C., St. P., M. & O. Ry., to run between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, are now in service.

The press, as well as the people who have inspected these trains, admit that they represent the acme of the car-builders' art. The engine is after the famous 999 pattern, and from end to end the train is vestibuled with broad plate-glass vestibules which completely enclose the platforms and add greatly to the beauty as well as to the comfort of the train.

If you are going East, why not patronize the new "North-Western Limited?" Excursion or other classes of tickets are good on this train, and no extra fares are charged for the superior accommodations.

Tickets, sleeping-car reservations and full information on application to your home agent, or address T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, who will be pleased to forward you pamphlet giving full description of these new trains. There is nothing to equal them in car construction—not even the wonderful trains on exhibition at the World's Fair.



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SURPLUS	2,594,000
EXCHANGE	210,000,000
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1890	61,720,595
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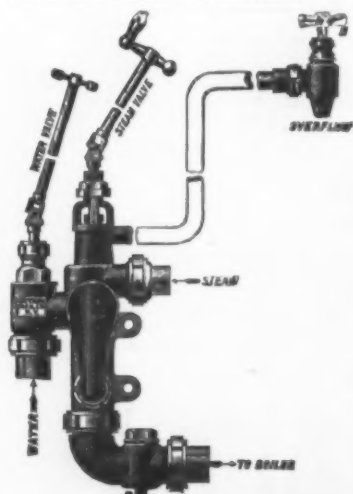
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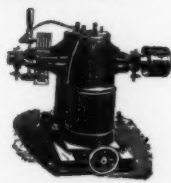
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**ABOUT SNAKES.**—When a snake sheds his skin, the skin of the eye comes off with the rest. Translucent in most parts, the skin over the snake's eye is perfectly transparent.**USEFUL INFORMATION.**—The *Microscope* gives this formula for an ink for writing on glass with a pen, as with ordinary ink: Bleached shellac ten parts, Venice turpentine five parts, lamp-black five parts. Dissolve the shellac with turpentine and stir in lampblack.**INCREASING PRODUCTION OF ALUMINUM.**—In 1883 the production of aluminum in the United States did not exceed eighty-three pounds; in 1895 the production was 850,000 pounds. Estimates for the present year claim that it will not fall short of 6,000 pounds per diem.**A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.**—The *Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press* says that Miss Marie Joussey, who has been "doing" the Territories for the past eight months as special correspondent, left Athabasca Landing on May 15, accompanied by her nephew and two Indian guides, bound for a trip to the Arctic regions.**SCORPIONS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.**—Three scorpions have been found near Keremeos in British Columbia. So far as is known, this is the only place in Canada where these reptiles are found. They are about two and a half inches in length, and were sent alive to the curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria.**BACK-YARD SAPPHIRES.**—A. W. Tanner, the millionaire hotel-keeper of Red Bluff, Montana, has a sapphire and ruby mine in his back yard, from which he culls some of the most beautiful gems ever taken from Montana soil. Several of the gems were sent to New York and returned cut and polished, and they are very highly prized by their owners.**DRIVING OUT THE SPIRITS.**—A tasteful church building has just been dedicated in the Moxee Valley, Washington, with a seating capacity of 200 and costing \$1,750. This leads the *Yakima Times* to recall the fact that, according to the Indian legend, an evil spirit ruled in the Moxee Valley and the night never caught a red man encamped there. A daylight journey was always planned across the haunted valley.**A DISTINCT BOUNDARY LINE.**—The boundary line between Canada and the United States is marked with posts at mile intervals a great part of its length. Cairns, earth-mounds and timber-posts are also used, and through the forests and swamps a line a rod wide, clear of trees and underwood, has been cut. Across the lakes artificial islands support the cairns, which rise about eight feet above the high-water mark.**A CITY PAVED WITH GOLD.**—Prescott, the capital of Arizona, boasts that it is the nearest approach to the New Jerusalem, as described in the Bible, of any town in the country, since its streets are being paved with gold. The granite used for pavements contains \$4 in gold and twenty cents in silver to every ton; so that in time, when less expensive methods of reducing ores shall be used, it may pay the city to tear up and crush its street pavements.



The banister of life is full of slivers.

"Look on me and weep," as the onion said to the maid.

"Did you get into the swim at the resort, Whirley?" "I should say so. It required three hours to resuscitate me."

"No, mum," said the wayside aristocrat. "I couldn't think of drinking water; it would rust my iron constitution."

He—"Sweetheart, you're a brick!" Sweet Sixteen—"No, dear, only clay; I haven't been pressed yet."

"William," she said, "will you do something that is for your own good?" "What is it?"

"I want you to give up smoking. You are simply ruining your health—and my lace curtains."



STRIKING A TRADE.

Tooth Artist—"Anything I can do for you, my friend?" Mr. Stubbles—"I dunno. What d'yer ask for that air milkin'-stool?"

Landlord—"Why did Miss Antique leave the hotel?" Waitress—"She was insulted. Somebody asked her if Noah was a pretty baby."

"Zhey got my watch, zhey got my change, zhey didn't even leave me car-fare," soliloquized the man who had been held up; "but, shank heavens! I still got my jag."

Cawker—"The goat is an impressive-looking animal." Cumso—"I don't think so." Cawker—"What! Have you never reflected what a striking forehead he has?"

After the football is over—
After the field is clear—
Straighten my nose and shoulder,
Help me to find my ear.

"What was the occasion of that explosion among the jurors?" "Can't say. Too heavily charged by the court, I suppose."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

It was in July, and agony stood upon her every lineament. "Mee husband! Oh, mee husband!" she gasped. "What's the matter now?" he inquired, with a shrug. "Mee heart is like ice!" she returned. "Dear heart!" he murmured, and the mercury stood pat.

"You will be married at high noon, I suppose?" said Tenspot to his free-silver friend. "I shall be married at 16 minutes to 1," sir, replied the white metal man, firmly.

"I," said the big, fat person with the large, fat diamonds, "am a self-made man." "You look it," said Mr. Irony; "and I wish to say that you did a mighty poor job, too."

He—"But couldn't you learn to love me, Ida?" She—"I don't think I could, George." He (reaching for his hat)—"It is as I feared! You are too old to learn!"—*Puyallup Commerce.*

"Between me and you, Bunker, does your wife use powder?"

"Don't know whether its powder or dynamite, but when she blows me up it's a week before I'm right again."

Doctor—"Did you apply a mustard plaster to your spine?"

Patient—"Yes." "Didn't you find it a great help?" "No. I felt that it was a great drawback."

BOOZLUM HAS A DISCUSSION.—When Mr. Boozlum reached home about 1 o'clock at night, his wife wished to know what had kept him out so late. He replied: "Been havin' a little finanshal discussin, thatsh all."

"That so?" "Yesh. I had to stay an' prove that t'other side sticked its mixtistics." "Did what?" "Sicked its mixtistics." "Say that again." "Course I can shay it again! Micked its stixtics. Wha's the masser with that?"

Maud—"What did mother mean last night, Charlie, when she told dad that he was as disreputable as Poe's raven?"

Charlie—"Oh, Poe's raven was forever on a bust, you know."

Walter (to barnstorming tragedian)—"Will you have some eggs, sir?"

Tragedian (in deep, chest tones)—"Eggs! Eggs! Out upon you, you low, groveling menial! I eat not eggs. I hate eggs!"

Blodbs—"I was at a spiritualist's seance, last night, and had a talk with my dead wife."

Slobbs—"Weren't you sceptical?" "I was at first, but when she asked me if her halo was on straight I was fully convinced."

Fitter—"My dog is dead. He swallowed a tape measure."

Cutter (sarcastically)—"And he died by inches, I suppose?"

Fitter—"No. He went around in the alley and died by the yard!"

Cutter—"Dog-gone good feat. But aunt's Polly died by the perch, and uncle's golden-rod is dying by the acre!"

Mother—"What's the matter, my dear? Why are you crying?"

Harry (between sobs)—"I left my lasses candy on that chair, and the deacon's a-settin' on it."

A pillar of the church went to sleep during service. He was called upon to pray, and, being dutifully punched by his better half, bellowed out loud enough to be heard all over the church: "Gold dura ye, Betsey, kindle it yourself!"

"Allow me to hand you my bill," said Dr. Perkins soonover to Mr. Slowpay, who, after glancing at it, exclaimed:

"Great Scott! Was I as sick as all that?"

Magistrate—"Name?"

Prisoner—"Smith."

"Occupation?"

"Locksmith."

"Officer, lock Smith up."

"Patrick, I was sorry to hear that you were arrested last week. What was the charge against you?"

"Sivin dollars an' costs, sor."

"I mean, what were you charged with when they brought you before the justice?"

"Apple brandy, sor."

"Doctor, I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise—such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician.

"All right, doctor. When do I take it?"

"You don't take it. You give it to the cat, in a little milk."

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For rates, sailing lists, and full and complete information apply to our nearest office. Cabin berths in any steamer secured by wire when desired.

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If so, write us for maps and descriptive circulars of timber, prairie and grazing lands in Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and the Pacific Coast States.

We are prepared to sell first-class lands close to railroads, and on the most liberal terms, either to colonies or individual land-seekers.

Have you any Western Lands to sell?

In that case we have better facilities for assisting you than any other firm or agency. Placing actual settlers on Western lands is our specialty, and we have sixteen years' experience in this line of business. We have the active co-operation of our Eastern offices and European agencies, and our 8,000 local agents, scattered through nearly all States in the Union, give us complete reports of intending land-seekers from all sections, from time to time, while our regular traveling agents are always on the road distributing information of lands in the Northwest.

For full and complete information about NORTHERN PACIFIC LANDS, apply to our St. Paul office.

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IN MONTANA, from \$2 to \$5 per acre.

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Investigate and make your purchase before prices advance materially.

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